

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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THE TRUE WOMAN.

—
BY JESSE T. PROCK, D. D.

HER SPHERE OF USEFULNESS.

WORK is the great moral law of the universe. Whoever imagines that God has formed intelligences for inactivity—that ease and indolence are appropriate to human beings, mistakes the analogies of nature, overlooks the teachings of the physical and mental constitution, and rejects the authority of God's holy word. True, all are not destined to the same departments of labor. Variety in this, as in every thing else, is the evident plan of the Creator. For the rougher and more exacting labor of the field, of mechanism, and of commerce, he has formed the stalwart frame, the vigorous muscle, and the tough sinew of man; while for the kinder, gentler labors of house and home, and works of special refinement and taste, he has prepared the delicate structure, the graceful and tender form of woman. Man is of sterner, harder intellectual mold. He may appear upon the stage of public and professional life. He is suited to its exposures—to its rude antagonisms and fierce collisions. He may not shrink from a view of its vulgar degradations, and from conflict with even its lowest vices. But woman, timid, shrinking, and retiring, is meant for kindlier labor, where delicate sentiment, deep-felt sympathy, devoted affection, and subduing tenderness, can soften the asperities of life, and remedy the evils which are out of sight, and deep-seated in the bosom of fallen humanity.

Woman has her work; and though it does not attract by its outward display, or astonish by its noise, or dazzle by its brilliant coruscations, it interests as a study, and demands consideration for effects, while causes and instrumentalities are out of sight. Its power is in its concealment. It is like the electric fluid, which, though invisible, pervades all nature, and is irresistible, even when its presence is not suspected. It is like the throbbings of the heart, which, though concealed from view, throw out the life-current to the extremities at every pulsation; or like internal fires, which no

power can antagonize, and whose devastations are the more fearful for their surprise.

There is much which woman can, but may not do—much from which, by the purer instincts of her nature, she shrinks with alarm; and these instincts are a part of her. They are manifestations of universal woman. They accord with the general sense of civilized humanity. I grant that she can overcome them; that she can unsex and uncreate herself; that she can adjust her outward mien, her stern volitions, and even her feelings, to the rude indecorum of a popular assembly, and affect the orator or the combatant in the field of intellectual, passionate, and even physical strife. She can aspire to the fame, and condescend to the drudgery of profession in medicine, in surgery, in law, or in politics. She can do all this, and much more from which she shrinks with instinctive dread, before she changes the natural current of her distinctive impulses. So also she can, if she will, paint the scenes of life in hues of darkness instead of loveliness and beauty. So she can, if she will, harden and soil her beautiful hand and change her delicate form for one uncouth and gross by the rough labor of the field or of the shop. So she can put out her eyes, and quench the light of heaven in eternal darkness. She can, but she should not. Her eyes were given her in which to mirror the soft and ravishing beauties of nature. Her delicate hands and slight figure were adjusted to the lesser burdens of domestic life, and to the works of taste and elegance in the drawing-room; and no less were her instinctive timidity, her exquisite sensibility, and her delicate sense of propriety intended to guard her against the rude exposures of a public life, and adapt her to a sphere of labor too light, too delicate, and too refined for the rougher, harder sex. The fact that she has governed empires, led armies, met her rivals in intellectual gladiatorship, lifted her voice above the roar of popular clamor, fixed upon her the gaze of impudent multitudes, and sent her name abroad with the echoings of fame—that she has submitted to be bowed down to the earth in the toils of menial life, and played the man in camp or forum, in the market or the field, is, therefore, just as much an argument for

the inverted order of relative endurance and toil, now popular in some circles of Bedlam, as the ugly excrescence or frightful tumor upon the person is an argument for vitiated blood and impaired health, or the curved spine and the sunken chest is an argument for delving servitude and the bearing of crushing burdens. Both are the result of unnatural force—both are morbid developments of inward morbid condition.

And yet Mary, of Bethany, found something to do. She turned away from the rude and bustling world, and sought her labor at the feet of the Savior. And so universal woman may find ample scope for her most profound abilities, for her most brilliant genius, for her deepest sympathies, for her tenderest love and her untiring energy, in the works of piety and benevolence. For Christianity is a world of truth—truth the most gratifying to woman's instinctive desire to know, the most deeply interesting to her investigating spirit, and the most completely adapted to her sense of want and dependence, to her purer, loftier aspirations. Here are revelations of God, in his sublime perfections and holy law, for her study. Here are the purest manifestations of compassion for suffering, of mercy for guilt, and of kindness to the ungrateful and the wretched which can be found in history. Here are the sad mementos of human folly more complicated and bewildering than the plot of the most masterly productions of human genius, more startling and fearful than the crisis of tragedy. Here are glories of redemption brighter and purer than the effulgence of nature or of art. Here is the heroism of love which knows no peril, no suffering, no obstacle—which pursues its object of mercy through all difficulties and all time, and rushes even into the grave itself, to lead captivity captive, and receive gifts for men—for rebellious men! And in its ample range religion takes in the truths of mind, in its mysterious powers and relations, in its wonderful facts and phenomena. It leads to the contemplation of *being* in its profound mysteries, its hidden sources and amazing developments. It travels back to the origin of nature, and shows it to the eye of vivid conception a thing of magnificence and beauty, rolling from the hand of Omnipotence. It unburies the sparkling gold and the flushing diamond, the brilliant pearl and the stupendous crystal, and solves the mysteries of the starlit heavens, all for the spirit's gaze, which can look "through nature up to nature's God"—which can study, and delve, and analyze, and combine, compare, and classify, generalize, and eliminate *forever*, to know, even in a small but increasing degree, the wisdom, and power, and glory of the Infinite, and the perfection of the laws by which he forms, and sustains, and governs the universe.

These all, and indefinitely more, invite the thoughts and stimulate the research of quiet but truth-seeking mind, which, in the very sphere of woman, may inquire and collect, and embody, define, and reveal the wonders of science in the most

attractive and inspiring beauties of literature. Her very retirement and stillness are most favorable to philosophical pursuits; and her sensitive conscience moves her, with natural force and becoming grace, to detect the moral element in all study—the divine in all science. She moralizes by intuition; and through the revelations of God in nature and in the Bible, she enters unobtrusively the vast domain of the morally right, the beautiful, and the true, and revels in the wonders of the law and of the atonement, in the bliss and glories of the Divine beatitudes. She drinks in the pure and elevating bliss of Christian experience, and clings, with unaffected humility and soul-inspiring faith, to the cross which lifts her to the throne of God.

Nor is she a solitary being. Her loved retirement is not alone. In it she seeks and enjoys the communion of God and of angels—fit society for her chastened spirit, purified by the blood of Calvary, and absorbed in contemplating the ineffable glories of redemption, and the moral splendors of the Godhead. And within the hallowed circle of her pure affections her father, mother, husband, children, friends, may live. Upon them she may lavish the wealth of her love. Upon those she may shed the sunlight of her shining virtues. In them she may reproduce her genial loveliness, and sum up the perfection of her bliss in the realization of that grand idea—a *happy home*. She may be an angel of mercy to her aged sire; may be light to the dimmed eye and warmth to the chilling heart of her dying mother. She may lay her strength, her love, her courage, her power of endurance and of suffering, a willing offering upon the pure shrine of her husband's weal: and if a *wretch*, he shall be less a wretch; if a *man*, he shall be more a man, because she loves him. She can be to her rising son an unfailing source of instruction, of prudence, and of virtue. If the vices of his heart reveal themselves to her keen and practiced eye, she can meet them with the force of maternal faithfulness, and win him by a mother's love, a mother's pity, a mother's tears, a mother's prayers. She can lead him to the foot of the cross, and present him to the cleansing blood of her own Savior. She can stimulate the soul of her boy with the love of truth, and lead him into the fair fields of science and of literature. She can fire him with the courage and fill him with the heroism of a Christian warrior, and give to the world a *man*, for its light, its support, its guidance—a man clothed in the power and armed with the might of divinity, to illustrate the chivalry of its moral battles, and bear off the trophies of its splendid victories.

To her daughter she can bequeath the purity of a Christian *mother's* heart, the strength of a mother's faith, the charm of a mother's love. She can be eyes to her blindness, wisdom to her folly, and happiness to her sorrow. She can teach, and watch, and warn, and bless, and pray, till she sees the pledge of her affections, the idol of her heart, a humble penitent, a sacrifice upon the altar of her

God, and receives her back a smiling angel. She can send her out to the world a *woman*—a *true woman*—the image of divinity on earth.

Thus we think, and feel, and write of *woman's sphere at home*.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN NOT EXCLUSIVELY DOMESTIC.

True, *home* is her sanctuary—the center of her earthly affections—the scene of her special trials and purest bliss. Her high prerogatives begin but do not terminate here. Indeed, she hardly does any thing *only* for home. Those quiet and unpretending labors, which seem designed merely to bless the husband or the child, reach on through the cycles of time into eternity. Her husband is, perhaps, a public man—a useful member of a high and holy profession. She watches the approach of disease, and by her tender care prevents its attack or breaks its force, and, in the thousand nameless modes which love alone can devise or execute, does vastly more than physician's skill to perpetuate that valuable life, every week of which relieves some earthly woe; imparts some worthy lesson to the listening crowd; evolves some new, undying truth from the world of thought; throws obstacles in the way of reckless, daring vice; uncovers and wounds, with deadly blow, some secret, lurking foe of human happiness and life; breathes immortal vigor into fainting, expiring virtue; kindles afresh the fires of devotion; and saves a deathless sinner from the flames of hell. She relieves the cares, soothes the heart, sweetens the temper, supports the courage, and inflames the zeal of the man whose life-burdens would otherwise crush him to the earth. When body, mind, and heart are overtaxed with exhausting labor—when the heavens are overcast, and the angry clouds portend the fearful storm—when business schemes are antagonized, thwarted by stubborn matter, capricious man, or inauspicious providence—when coldness, jealousy, or slander chills his heart, misrepresents his motives, or attacks his reputation—when he looks with suspicion upon all he sees, and shrinks from the corruptions and frauds of men with instinctive dread, there is one place of sweet repose for his weary limbs; one place of calm and sunshine amid the lowering storm; one world, a little, lovely world, of smiles to greet him when he comes; one heart which is true, of which he has no suspicion, whose love is deep, and pure, and changeless as the God who gave it. With what fond longings does he turn toward that paradise—his *home*—and gaze upon that bright and central orb, whose genial light kindles with soft and heavenly radiance upon the scene of loveliness which invites him to rest! With what refreshing gladness does he retire from the noise, and strife, and selfishness of the Gentile court into this *sanctum sanctorum* of the world's vast temple! As he settles into his easy chair, and hears sweet voices call him *father*, feels the soft press of affection's hand upon his seared brow, and love's charming kiss upon his lips, and

his heart receives the endearing sympathies and kind caresses of her who calls him *husband*, what delicious, holy pleasure melts and fills his soul! How calmed the storm which he had felt within! How his burdened heart lifts up itself, and feels its burden gone! How changed the colors of this great world! The light of his home streams out upon the surrounding darkness, and he fancies its deformities have disappeared, that it yet has beauties for the spirit-eye, and chides himself for the premature beginnings of a heartless misanthropy. How fresh, in the morning, is the glow of his health! how warm are the pulsations of his heart! how charming are the visions of his future, as he returns to the scene of his toil! Who would say that he will not live longer—that he will not battle the world's ills with a higher, nobler heroism—that he will not vastly swell the number, and enhance the value of his moral triumphs in the cause of humanity and God, for having felt the power of *home*, and renewed his life, and revived his energies in hallowed devotion at the altar of domestic love?

And it is not for herself alone that the mother feeds and nourishes, molds and inspires, the child of her affections. In the soul of her son she may reproduce the purity, the self-denial, the heroism of her own; but not that she may gaze with uninterrupted delight upon that lovely image. She makes, not sons chiefly, but brothers, husbands, fathers; not the child, but the man, the scholar, the author, the laborer, the merchant, the statesman, the divine. In these she lives, and breathes, and acts for the benefit of her race, in all climes, in all ages, in all departments of human effort. Her sons are the channels of her thought, and feelings, and purposes, down into the vale of the future. It is her love that swells in their hearts; her mind that reasons, and elaborates, and resolves in theirs. It is the fire of her genius that flashes in their eyes, burns in their eloquence, rolls from their pens, and lives in their acts. Take from the proudest warriors in the world's great battles the qualities of *maternal* origin, and you leave them wrecks of themselves—ruined, helpless men. Rob the hearts of philanthropists and Christian heroes of the sentiment of virtue and piety received from their mothers, and they are weak as other men. He who feels and acknowledges not the debt is without true filial grace, and must be deemed, in fact, already lost.

And not less does the true matron labor for the world and for the future in the cultivation of her daughter's body, mind, and heart. That beautiful and sprightly, native form, which she watches as a guardian-angel, protects from the violence of fashion, from the needless attacks of disease, from the wasting power of active medicines, from the poison of confined, exhausted air, and which she develops by timely, plain, and wholesome food; by appropriate, useful, and increasing labor; by free and vigorous action in the open air—that form will yet

bear up the burdens and perform the toils of family, will give health and strength to rising generations. The power and the fate of armies, the achievements of ages, depend upon this physical training, chiefly in the mother's care. Those early lessons which the faithful matron will intrust to no secondary agent, which lay the foundation of her daughter's education—that critical attention given to the mind's earliest developments—that caution which selects her teachers and appoints her studies, which adjusts the equilibrium of her task and strength of her inner and her outer being, is not for herself, not for her child, but for the world; for such minds as mothers make will be all the world will have when these mothers are no more. That fond and trembling care which watches over the moral nature, which deals faithfully with its rising depravity, which struggles with its perverseness and sin, which leads it to the atonement, which rests not till the heart is cleansed in the blood of Christ and firmly settled in the habits of pure, unearthly love, all enters with commanding force into the elements of future domestic bliss, social purity, and national prosperity. 'Tis not the daughter chiefly, then, the mother makes, but the sister, the wife, the mother of the coming age.

This is labor—this is real responsibility—this opens up the outward sphere of woman, and reveals enough to realize her loftiest dreams of usefulness and power, to gratify her noblest, purest aspirations. Let no one say that in *emphatic stress* upon woman's domestic life we circumscribe her sphere, cramp her genius, or insult her dignity. Had she no other access to the world, could she reach the future in no other way than through her decisive influence upon the life, the character, the genius, and the power of her husband, sons, and daughters, I hesitate not to say that there is nothing in the history of human agency comparable with it—that she wields a more potent sway over the happiness and destiny of the race than ever has been or ever can be rightfully claimed by "the lords of creation." And when I contrast the charming retirement, the quiet dignity, and the moral sublimity of such prerogatives, with the exposed condition, the comparatively unimportant details, the senseless jargon, and the perishable honors modernly represented by the gross misnomer, "woman's rights," I have no words with which to express my indignation. I congratulate the true women of the age, I congratulate my country, that these ebullitions of mistaken ambition, these sad demonstrations of the irrational uneasiness of the times, have met with no flattering response from the gentler sex. These masculine conventions and harangues, books and papers, have hardly made a ripple upon the surface of divinely created female instincts, of pure, cultivated taste, or of sound common sense. They have been answered by the smile of contempt and the lip of scorn, and forgotten amid the absorbing interests and engrossing labors of domestic love. And let not these unfemale agitators

deceive themselves. They have their verdict. The severe neglect of universal woman has sealed their doom, and is the standing rebuke of the *profession*.

But there are important modes of *direct* action upon the public mind and destiny, which are wholly appropriate to the distinguishing qualities of the female character. The whole domain of science, literature, and education is woman's, in common with the sterner sex. Her mind is endowed with the same instinctive desire to know—with the same susceptibility of profound impression from the force of truth—the same powers of research, of analysis, and generalization. There is, therefore, strong *a priori*, as there is decisive historic evidence, that there is nothing within the scope of science which she may not learn, no practicable conquest which she can not achieve. I say *the same powers*. I do not broach the question of actual *equality*; because it is not concerned in the discussion of woman's sphere, and also because I think it idle. The question of fact in given cases would be decided sometimes one way and sometimes the other, as some women have immensely more intellectual strength than some men, and the contrary. And when the question becomes general, the points of comparison required to settle it are infinite, and some which I deem fundamental wholly unknown; and as either sex succeeds in every kind of mental labor just in proportion to native ability, opportunities, and application, the whole discussion of comparative power is to me utterly destitute of interest, only so far as efforts may be necessary to remove an ignorant prejudice which tends to debar females from the rights of scientific investigation belonging to universal mind. Whatever her talents or genius, natural or acquired, may move her to study is within her quiet, unobtrusive sphere. The very retirement, which, to her, is native and necessary, is most favorable to philosophic pursuits. If her condition in life allows her leisure, she has the very repose which sends the mind back into itself in quest of its fundamental laws, and out into the records of thought for the connection or confirmation of the judgment of consciousness. Let her enter, then, with native freedom, the realms of truth, and revel in the wealth of science. Let her rise with a Caroline Herschell to the stars, and scan the mysteries of nature in her secret, distant abodes. In all this she is at home, in her own legitimate sphere, where none may dare to question her rights.

And precisely as appropriate to her loved retirement are all the vast prerogatives of the pen. Her views and discoveries in the arcana of nature flow gracefully from her flexible hand. Her books of science and of arts, her letters and poems, her histories and biographies, her works of sober truth and truthful fiction, appeal to the reason, the taste, and the hearts of men, with all the fascinating power of woman's smiles, the melting sympathy of her tears, or the withering rebuke of her frowns. Let me, in plain words, declare it. In this means of

self-defense, in this sphere of usefulness and attraction, she does not know her power—she has never yet achieved half her available conquests. In the world of literature she yet has room for indefinite expansion. Her Hemanses and Sigourneys, her Ellises and Hales, point the way to her predestined glory and immortality in the future of letters.

In the department of education, too, woman has her mission. I dare not say she was formed to teach, lest I should seem to give countenance to the vulgar idea, that she has a peculiar *penchant* for obtruding her opinions upon unwilling auditors. I can say nothing of the kind of the *true woman*. Her native modesty and inherent good sense forbid it. And yet she can, and ought to teach. Especially in the earlier periods of mental development, while the mind is tender and susceptible of all that is delicate, and pure, and beautiful in instruction, the female teacher is most peremptorily indicated by the promptings of nature and of a sound philosophy. To the harsh, the rude, and the uncultivated of either sex, her gentleness and love are at once the most pointed, palpable reproof and the most charming and improving model; while to the timid and the ignorant her kindness and patience are the most effectual relief and stimulus. And if it be granted that severer models and sterner instructors are demanded for the education of boys and young men, and in some departments, and at some periods, for girls and young ladies, it will still be true that no education is perfect which has not received the subduing, elevating power of female mind; and the most that we can concede is a fair and equitable division of labor in forming the mothers and fathers, the guides and the heroes, of the future.

Will my fair readers, after all this, insist that I have not given them enough to do? Not enough to take care of their husbands and rear their children? Not enough to mold and fashion—to create, in reality—the actors in the world's great drama? Not enough to delve in the mines of thought, and exhaust the revenues of truth and of fiction? Not enough? Well, the theme is by no means exhausted;

"But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Savior's hands,"

yet remains to engage your profoundest thoughts and your deepest sympathies. The works of humanity and of piety are peculiarly yours. You see "the world lying in wickedness"—the sad developments of native depravity every-where around you—the daring assaults of rebel man upon Jehovah's law! You see among the guilty the young, the aged, the rude, and the fair! It may be a child, a brother, a sister, once adored, or the partner of your bosom! Amid the victims of degrading intemperance, of loathsome pollution, of base selfishness, and of mad ambition, are the companions of your childhood, the once proud, and gay, and thoughtless partners of your youthful joys. Will you turn away in disgust, and leave them to perish?

Will you dry up your tears, which well up from the tender memories of the past, and timidly say, what can I do? Ah! *you* have the sympathies which can get their response, in hearts that are hard as adamant to the stern reproaches of vindictive men. You have the heart to feel, the tears to shed, and the words to utter, below the reach of which poor, suffering human nature never sinks in this world of trial. Go to those wretched ones—yes, go to them, the lowest, the hardest, the proudest, the worst—and know that you have but fulfilled the angel-mission of a woman's love, if with a life-labor, amid the griefs, and curses, and scorn of an age, you have but *saved a man* or snatched a *woman* from devouring fire. Betake you to your prayers. Prayer is Heaven's appointed instrument of miracles by a finite, feeble arm. And a woman's prayers can reach the throne of God, and engage the Power omnipotent which saves the lost. As you would plead for the pardon of your husband, son, condemned to expiate his crimes upon the gallows—as you would ask for mercy for the wretch so dear to your agonizing heart, doomed to suffer under the stern, inexorable law, go and plead for the guilty, under the wrath of God, and nearing the pit, "where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched." O, were all other work denied you, a life of intercession for wretched sinners would suffice! Salvation for the souls whose very guilt appeals to your holiest power of prayer—salvation from judicial blindness and from deep disgrace in this life—salvation from hell in the life to come—restoration to the heaven of virtuous confidence here, and to the smiles of God and the company of the Redeemer, of bright angels and the glorified saints, *in answer to your prayers!* I am sure your hearts respond, it is enough. But still I urge you on. The poor, the wretched, the sick, and the dying are around you; the wail of sorrow comes up upon every blast, and the cries of beseeching distress appeal to your hearts. Go to those abodes of misery, where the good and the bad feel alike the pangs, which proclaim a world accursed by sin! Bear your gifts of love, like angels of mercy, to these children of sorrow, and may Heaven bless you!

Forget not the six hundred millions who sit in heathen darkness. Go, if God wills, and tell them the story of the cross. Pray, and give, and beg for the benighted, till they are given to Christ for his possession, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his inheritance.

Woman, behold your work! Look at it with the heroism of faith, strong faith, in God, who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"—in the heroism of love—love to the Savior who redeemed you, love for the souls of men, love of labor, love of suffering in the cause of right, and you shall be renewed for your task, and at last be crowned an immortal victor by the Savior's hand. Let the labor be heavy in this world, in the next there will be room for an everlasting rest.

ELOQUENCE OF WHITEFIELD AND WESLEY.

THE eloquence of George Whitefield and of John Wesley was of a very different character each from the other. But each was suited to win attention, to secure confidence, and to accomplish the grand purposes of preaching—by rescuing men from the paths of sin, and restoring them to the obedience of the truth.

Whitefield, overflowing with the strong and tender sensibilities of his nature, exhibited his whole soul in his features and in every movement of his body. His very tones, even without words, assisted by his countenance, would touch the cords of fear, and terror, and hope, and sensibility, in the vast crowds that always assembled to hear him. And when these tones conveyed the awakening, peace-giving, and hope-inspiring truths of the Gospel, with God's blessing they produced their appropriate effects.

Wesley was an eloquent man, but of a very different order. His undoubted piety, his purity, his abstemiousness, and his observance of clerical propriety in his costume and deportment, inspired his hearers with confidence and reverence. No one heard from him the bursts of eloquence which distinguished Whitefield's preaching. There were no sudden thunderings and lightnings from Mount Sinai, taking his hearers by surprise, and making them quake with fear and terror. But there was an even, a gentle flow of truth, like a clear and refreshing, but almost noiseless stream—varied with facts and narratives suited to fix attention, and to illustrate the subjects of his discourse. His hearers were overawed and yet captivated, by the sanctity of his appearance, as though he were a gentle and yet authoritative visitor from another world, whose messages, though calmly and mellifluously uttered, were not to be doubted.

The eloquence of Whitefield was like the drops of rain coming down copiously and with audible noise. The eloquence of Wesley was like the falling of the dew upon the tender herb, known more by its effects than by its fall. And then, if Wesley was inferior in direct power of speech to Whitefield, he was far superior as to the power of his pen. With the latter instrument Whitefield could do nothing. His whole strength was in his oratory. But while he was unsurpassed in the pulpit, Wesley far transcended him in ecclesiastical government. One was a child as to his capacity to organize into a well-arranged religious body the converts he had made. The other was a giant, or rather an able statesman, in reducing his converts to fellowship and durable organization. Hence, perhaps, there is scarcely a Church in Christendom, that can trace its origin to Whitefield; but there are a thousand Churches in Europe and America, that delight to trace their existence to Wesley. I need not add, that both these men were great blessings to the world, and the more so, that they were laboring and preaching in the same districts of country, in alternate succession, or at the same time. As

neither the sun nor the moon can take each other's place, so it was with these men of God. Each had his appropriate messages to deliver, and his own manner of delivery, and his own special work to perform. Infinite wisdom knew this, and wrought, now by the son of thunder—and now, by the son of consolation. Their eloquent advocacy of the great truths of the Gospel became the power of God unto salvation, to multitudes who, through their word, believed. Their oratory, under God, was full of benignity and good to their fellow-beings, both in Great Britain and her then American Colonies.—*Dr. Sharp.*

- THE CHARIOT OF ISRAEL.

BY MRS. A. L. RUTER DUFOUR.

"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"—2 KINGS II, 12.

THE ancient prophet and his servant walked
Alone, in earnest converse sweet, yet sad;
For dark and fearful days were on the earth,
When righteous men, like fierce and savage beasts,
Were hunted by the slaves of sinful kings,
Who dared to desecrate God's temple high,
And trample on his wise and righteous law.

In hours of peril, darkness, and of fear,
How closely clings the human heart to heart!
How strongly blended are their sympathies!
But when they know the parting hour is near,
The lifetime of a high and holy love
Seems all condensed within one moment's space,
The pure quintessence of the strength of years
Made perfect by the spirit's alchemy.

So, as these pious men were journeying on,
Did good Elisha's faithful heart now swell;
For well he knew their parting hour drew nigh.
How loth to part from one he loved so well,
When friends were few, and fewer friends to God!

Time after time Elijah prayed his friend,
"Now tarry here;" but his true heart replied,
"As the Lord liveth, and as lives thy soul,
I will not quit thee till thou dost depart."

Elijah's mantle smote bold Jordan's tide,
And the obedient waves in haste retired,
Till they in safety passed from either shore:
The one fast clinging to his master's side;
The other calmly waiting for his God.

And now—O, blest and beatific sight!—
The chariot of Jehovah quickly comes.
"My Father, Father!" then Elisha cried,
"Lo, Israel's chariot comes of flaming fire,
The chariot, and the horsemen, too, thereof!"

The vision past, Elisha stood alone;
But, as a glorious halo round his form,
The mantle of Elijah rested there.

HOME.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

How full of meaning is the word home! What tender emotions it excites, and what attractive influence it throws around the heart! In whatever sense we use the term, it affords a hailing-point about which the virtuous mind loves to linger. The home of the patriot, in one view of it, is his country, either natal or adopted. And the love of one's country is a virtue to be desired, and that deserves to be encouraged, because it counteracts selfishness, strengthens philanthropy, and promotes the general weal. It does not teach us to appreciate the welfare of other countries less, but our own the more. Ask the devoted soldier why he endures the forced march, keeps the night vigil, encounters peril, and risks his life; and he simply responds, "My country." Inquire of that sojourner, who appears lonely amid moving masses and hurrying crowds of human beings, on a distant shore, what objects chiefly occupy his silent cogitations; he replies, "My country and home." If under such circumstances two individuals from the same country chance to meet, though total strangers to each other, they immediately form acquaintance, and become intimate friends. When the sojourner in a foreign land has accomplished his erratic mission, with what heart-felt delight he ships for his own country! Then to the resistance of every adverse wind and swelling wave he responds, "Homeward bound," to cheer himself on the tedious voyage. Every remote indication of nearing the destined port becomes reviving, and the first glimpse of some distant mountain on his own continent is exhilarating. When he vacates his floating prison, with elastic step he measures the solid ground, and with buoyant spirit hurries onward through city, town, and country, to the main point of attraction. His rejoicing is not merely escape from the perils of the deep, but chiefly the thought of the home concern and the loved ones there.

The word home is chiefly applicable in a more definite and endearing sense than one's country; it expresses the idea of our abode, where we bestow our daily care, and receive our daily refreshment and nightly repose. Home is the place where we concentrate our earthly interest, and embody the objects of our heart's best natural affection; where we sustain the elevating relation of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, friend and neighbor; the central point of social bliss, affording all the blessings of domestic life. Home is an interest, committed to us in the order of providence, from which no true heart can turn with indifference. Next to our religious duty, it presents the strongest claim to our attention, and fixes upon us the highest responsibility. A man may leave home to perform ministerial or other public duties for the general good of community, or to transact his own lawful business, or to fill his place

in the house of prayer; but all voluntary associations of less importance, requiring habitual absence from home, are, to say the least, of doubtful utility. He who is so alienated from home as to spend most of his evenings out for recreation is aside from the path of duty and happiness. Amid all the societies of the age for benevolent enterprise and social improvement, if some master-spirit could get up and sustain a HOME-ABIDING SOCIETY, he would thereby confer on his country a great social benefit of general application. Many wounded hearts of wives and mothers would be healed, and many neglected children would be improved, by such reformation among their husbands, and fathers, and sons. Home, with wife, children, and friends, should afford more attraction than is found elsewhere for the head of the family; and if rightly managed might be rendered more improving and desirable to the children than any neighbor's house or place of social resort. It is strange that any, old or young, should feel restless at home, and wish to be on the stroll. Very many, in pursuit of supposed pleasures abroad, have learned, after all, that home is the safest and best place for them, especially the young and inexperienced. It may be less elegant than the mansions of the wealthy, yet it is home; and it is better to have a home with our best friends in a cabin than to be dependent in a palace. Who that has tried it would not rather enjoy the quietude of home, however humble, than to be thrown out among strangers, even with plenty of means to pay his way, and left to the mercy of those who feel no interest in him beyond his money? Yet how much worse to be a homeless, houseless, friendless wanderer without any certain prospect of livelihood! The pleasures of home are best understood by those who have lost them, than whom none are more entitled to sympathy, especially such as have sustained that loss without any criminal fault of their own. "Home, home, sweet home," is music to the disconsolate wanderer—it is balm to the returning prodigal. The most beautiful landscape on earth to a distant daughter, detained at school or on a protracted visit, is the home of her childhood, the play-ground of her infancy. Even the young man, ardent in pursuit of wealth or fame, often recurs with delight to the old homestead and its surrounding scenery over which his youthful feet once nimbly sped. The fond heart of the mother lingers with delight around the birthplace of her children, and the father honors the consecrated residence of his family, where his greatest care and hardest toil have been bestowed for their comfort. In a word, the most desirable spot on this green earth to a good man is his well-regulated home; and when done with it, all he desires for himself, family, and friends is an everlasting home in heaven, in anticipation of which he often sings,

"Yonder's my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home."

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

BY THE EDITOR.

If the reader will consent, we will make him one of a little company to Greenwood Cemetery—the renowned and beautiful burying-place of the dead. It will do us good to meditate among the tombs, to gaze upon memorials that touch the chords of holy and tender memory in the soul—memorials that perpetually remind us of the shortness of our earthly stay, and would lead us forward to our nobler and higher destiny. To us no excursion can be more delightful—the pleasing melancholy with which it subdues the soul is infinitely to be preferred, and, indeed, is infinitely more joyful, than the uproarious hilarity which an unthinking world calls happiness.

Crossing the ferry from the eastern end of the Battery to the southern part of Brooklyn, we ride along Hamilton Avenue to its termination; then diverging to the south, we soon find ourselves passing through the little village of Gowanus, which has sprung up near the entrance to the Cemetery. Pausing here for a moment to look around before we enter the city of the dead, we find that Greenwood Cemetery is situated at the head of Gowanus Bay, which is merely an indentation of the eastern shore of New York Bay. It is about three miles in a south-easterly direction from the city. The Cemetery now incloses an area of nearly four hundred acres, diversified by hill and dale, and for the most part covered with stately and beautiful trees, beneath whose solemn shade the dead slumber in unbroken repose. Nature and art have here combined to render the place beautiful—beautiful beyond description. Some of the hills are of considerable height, though composed almost exclusively of sand and gravel. From the summit of those on the north side of the ground we have a distant view of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and also of the harbor and bay; from those on the south, the expansive ocean, “the image of eternity,” is seen, rolling its waves in solemn grandeur, and bearing myriads of ships upon its bosom.

There are two entrances to these grounds—one for the funeral cortege, the other for visitors. The former entrance lies along the bottom of a dale, from either side of which rises a grassy and wooded ridge. As we looked up, and beheld the rusty turret supporting a bell, whose only office is to mark the advance of the funeral procession, we could not help exclaiming:

“A mournful office is thine, old bell!
 Ring for naught but the last, sad knell
 Of the coffin’d worm, as he passeth by:
 And thou seemest to say, ‘Ye, too, must die.’
 No glad occasion dost thou proclaim—
 Thy mournful tone is ever the same—
 The slow, measured peal, that tells of woe,
 Such as those who feel it only know.”

Passing up this dale, we enter through an arched gateway, and find ourselves within the Cemetery. For a moment we pause. A solemn silence per-

vades the scene; we catch its inspiration; we leave the world behind us, and for a time commune with the dead. The very ground on which we tread, the ancient forest-trees that surround us, and the very air we breathe, are hallowed by holy associations. The spirit of the loved ones—“not lost, but gone before”—seem to be hovering around us. But, above all, God is here. He is seen in the bright light which beams down through these waving branches high above us; he is heard in the murmurings of the gentle breezes that bow the tender grass and rustle the faded leaf; he is felt “in the sorrows which, to the heart of sympathy, are living all around us, in the gentle sighings of bereft companions and friends!”

“Speak low! the place is holy to the breath
 Of awful harmonies, of whispered prayer;
 Tread lightly! for the sanctity of death
 Broods with a voiceless influence on the air.”

Winding avenues and beautiful footpaths permeate the whole ground, every-where presenting scenes of new and varied beauty. At one moment you pass through beautiful lawns, and the next find yourself by the side of “the tangled, unpruned forest.” At one moment you are in the deep dell, surrounded by lofty ridges, shaded by towering and ancient trees, and looking down into the clear, beautiful water of its unruffled lake. Anon you stand upon the hill-top, and behold spread out around you in panoramic view, filling up the full measure of landscape beauty, the grand emporium of the western hemisphere, her queenly daughter, her noble bay, her beautiful villas peeping out here and there from among the trees, the quiet rural scenery of the surrounding country, and, beyond all, the distant ocean. We observe that the principles of landscape gardening are here often employed with excellent effect. Taste and art join with nature in adorning the last home of the loved and lost.

By keeping the principal avenue, called “the Tour,” the visitor will be able, with the least possible labor, to see nearly the whole ground. Slowly we rode along this avenue, every now and then branching off to survey some retired spot, which art had decorated as the last resting-place of the “loved dead;” and then leaving our carriage to ascend some hill or to thread the mazes of some dell, in order to obtain a closer inspection of some affectingly beautiful memorial of the departed.

Amidst this interminable forest of marble we know not where to begin. Within this picturesque area, I am informed, some two thousand lots have been inclosed by iron fences, exhibiting almost every conceivable variety of art and taste. Here also are between two and three hundred tombs; most of them placed in side-hills—in some instances, tier rising above tier—fronted by architectural facades of substantial masonry, various in size, color, and form. Others of the tombs cap some rising hill—the vault being sunk in the earth, and surmounted by massive stone-work of various

designs. The monuments seem absolutely innumerable; no fewer we judge than five or six hundred. They are principally of marble, sandstone, and sienite, and exhibit the widest possible diversity, from the humblest and simplest memorial to those that tower in ostentatious grandeur, as though they would rival in height the towering oak of the forest. The number of interments to the present time is 26,470.

We have neither room nor time for detail; but there are a few we can not well pass over. We now stand upon "Battle Hill," the spot where our fathers once stood, "shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for their country."

"Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud."

The memorable battle of August 26, 1776, was fought upon and around this spot, and, perhaps, the very place where our feet press the ground was stained with patriot blood. Here Sullivan and Stirling, with five thousand raw and undisciplined levies, fought twenty thousand disciplined enemies of their country, with a heroism worthy of a better result; and but for the treachery of men who were willing to betray their country for British gold, it would have been memorable as Bunker Hill is now memorable in the annals of our country. Solemn reflection! The actors of that day of strife, carnage, and defeat have all gone to their final account. Their last battle has been fought, their last earthly conflict ended; the flush of victory and the horror of defeat can affect them no more.

Near the summit of this hill stands "the Pilot's Monument," erected to the memory of Thomas Freeborn, the pilot, who lost his life in 1846, in an attempt to bring in the John Minturn. By a furious gale she was driven, on the 14th of February, upon the Jersey shore. A multitude upon the shore were within sight and hail of the vessel, but the storm was so violent and the surf so terrible that no relief could be given. Nearly all on board perished by the intense cold before the stanch ship went to pieces. In the protracted hour of mortal agony, the female passengers clung around the hardy pilot, and he was then seen to take off part of his own garments to shield them from the chilling sleet of the winter storm and the freezing spray of the ocean. But, alas! who could withstand the fury of nature's elements when they combine as ministers of wrath! The tender woman and the hardy sailor alike sunk into the cold embrace of death. This, to our mind, is one of the most tasteful monuments in the Cemetery—appropriate and beautiful in artistic design and in mechanical execution. Upon a massive vase rests a sarcophagus, its front exhibiting a view of the ocean lashed to fury by a tempest, with its waves foaming fearfully. In relief appears the disabled ship pent in among the breakers, and in the distance a schooner tossed upon the billows. Upon the sarcophagus is a ship's

capstan, with a cable winding around it, all wrought to life. From this rises a truncated mast, which is surmounted by a statue of Hope, supported by her anchor, and pointing with her finger to the skies. The whole is executed in beautiful white marble.

With no part of the ground were we more deeply interested than with "Ocean Hill," in the southern part of the Cemetery. The beauty of its scenery, as well as of its monuments, combined with the distant view of the ocean, can not fail to charm the soul capable of appreciating the melancholy, the beautiful, and the sublime. In one place, on a beautiful light gray sandstone monument, erected to the memory of a wife and child, was this touching inscription: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well," 2 Kings iv, 26. At a little distance from this, we noticed a chaste and simple marble monument, still more simple in its inscription—"Julia's Grave;" whether erected by a father, brother, husband, or lover, we know not; but our own heart told us that affection dictated the motto. Just across the avenue from this was the record of parental fondness over a daughter lost at the early age of nineteen; and yet the resignation and faith of those parents were breathed forth in the following sweet and expressive lines:

"Shed not for her the bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to vain regret;
'Tis but the casket that lies here,
The gem that filled it sparkles yet."

A little farther on, almost hid from the gaze of the passer, in the shade of a beautiful cluster, we observed a simple but massive head-stone of white marble. To have read from the road its beautiful, sublime inscription—"My Mother"—and then passed on, would have seemed almost sacrilege. Of her whose dust slumbers beneath that marble I know nothing; but the recollection of "my mother"—now sainted above—which came rushing upon my soul, as I stood by the sleeping dust hallowed by filial affection, almost overwhelmed me. I felt how sacred to me was the very spot where her ashes slumber. Nor could I fail to remember the time when, after having been a wanderer for many years from the home of my childhood, I was again permitted to cross the parental threshold. What language can describe the change! An ominous silence now reigned through rooms and halls that had once been made to reecho with the very joyousness of the little group. At every step I seemed to pause in expectation that familiar tones would salute me. Nor could I realize the change, till I had every-where searched the loved ones and found them not. The first mother's grave! who can realize the feeling awakened by it? There I stood by the little railing that surrounds her grave, and bending forward to the cold marble that perpetuates her memory, my tears flowed forth in torrents, as though the very fountains of the soul had been unloosed. I wandered for a week over the scenes of my childhood, marked

out the places of my early sports, and called up the recollection of the companions who shared them with me; but no spot seemed so dear, so hallowed, as the grave of "my mother." And before my departure for the distant scene of my care and labor, moved as by some sacred impulse, I sought in the dead of the night the little and lone graveyard, and prostrated myself by her grave, reveled in the sweet recollections of her who first taught my infant lips to pray and praise, and there did my devout thanksgiving go up to God that I was blessed with such a mother. Such were some of the thoughts that rushed through my mind as my eye lit upon this simple inscription. Checking the current of emotion, I dropped a tear, and hastily turned away. Nor am I the last who will be impelled to offer a tear by that grave, as a tribute to so hallowed a relation.

In this part of the ground, also, is the grave of the celebrated Abeel, known world-wide by his efforts to spread the Gospel in the Chinese empire. He was a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church. He died in Albany in 1846, at the early age of forty-two. Peace to the ashes of the scholar, the philanthropist, the missionary, and the Christian! The monument of Mrs. Catlin, near Aspen Hill, is a beautiful structure of snow-white marble; the profile likeness of the deceased is sweet beyond description; and her dying words, "Weep not for me, dear friends, but strive through your only Redeemer to come to me," completes the picture. On the hill is a parallel block of white Italian marble, two and a half feet high and one and a half in width, surmounted by an open Bible, with a full-blown rose on one page, and these words on the other, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The remaining inscription is, "Willie and Emma." We observed another inscription equally expressive and beautiful, over the grave of a young man, aged twenty-two years:

"Not lost, but gone before."

Ere this, it may be, those bereaved and heart-stricken parents have rejoined him who went "before," in the spirit-land. Another inscription said:

"MY WIFE,

In the full hope of a blessed immortality."

In another place we saw a noble monument—simple, chaste, appropriate—bearing the inscription, "Our father and mother." This monument, which was surrounded by a substantial iron fence, was erected, we were told, by two daughters from the avails of their personal labor. It was the beautiful tribute, the sacred offering of filial love—ininitely more expressive of that which is holy in the "sacred memories of the heart" than the most costly mausoleum, where wealth and pride seek to perpetuate their worthless memories, and to keep alive that most contemptible of all distinctions in human society, which is based upon the amount of "sordid dust" scraped together, it may be, by the iron hand and marble heart of avarice, or by the turns and shifts of cunning knavery, which should have

consigned its author to the cell of the convict rather than elevated him to social distinction.

The tomb and monument of Charlotte Candee form an object of striking interest in these grounds. This beautiful and accomplished young lady was cut off in the opening bloom of life; on her seventeenth birthday she was thrown from a carriage, taken up insensible, and soon after expired. The monument is of the purest marble and the most exquisite workmanship, erected at an expense of twenty-five thousand dollars. But it offends our taste; it is too gaudy; exhibits too many delicate points exposed to the corrosions of time. We like to see durability stamped on every feature of a monument designed to perpetuate the memory of the dead; something that promises endurance till the globe itself shall convulse and crumble to atoms. We like to see something that seems to say,

"Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,
And learn thy proper nature; for thou seest
In these shaped stones and letter'd tables, figures
Of life; . . . types are these
Of thine eternity."

The ashes of De Witt Clinton, the father of the canal system of New York, slumber in one of the tombs on Bay-Grove Hill. He died while Governor of the state in 1828. To him more than to any other individual is New York indebted for her greatness and her glory. Strange that twenty-five years should pass away, and no monument be erected to his memory! What the state has so meanly neglected individual munificence is about doing. On our return from the Cemetery, we paused to look upon the monument erected to perpetuate his memory. It then stood in the Park. It is a colossal figure, ten and a half feet in height, standing erect upon a pedestal of eight and a half feet, making an entire height of nineteen feet. The portrait is pronounced a striking likeness. On the pedestal are two bas-reliefs. One represents the commencement of the Erie canal, with engineers and their instruments in one group, and workmen with their tools in another. The other commemorates the completion of that great work, exhibiting the bustle of commerce, and blending into one scene of activity men of various castes, conditions, and characters.

A little beyond us lie the "unsculptured dead"—whole acres of ground presenting a succession of uniform mounds, beneath each of which some weary mortal now slumbers in "the long and dreamless sleep." Separated from this expanse by a low railing is a space where hundreds of little hillocks, ranged in uniform rows, surely indicate who they are that populate the ground. A father's hope lies buried here; a mother's tears have moistened these humble sods. How affecting the memorials of love scattered profusely over the dead—perishable tablets of wood or of plaster, flowers tenderly planted and watched, vines bent and twisted over the infant grave, and, in some instances, the rude toys in

which childhood delights carefully protected within vases of glass. These are the memorials of the poor; often expressive of deeper sensibility and holier affection than the most curious device or the most labored inscription. Let not our taste, then, be offended at the rudeness of these simple monuments or the unpolished inscriptions. They have "done what they could."

"Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

In the north-western part of the ground is a deep valley, walled in by high and wooded banks; and near its center a water, covering an area of some four acres, called "Sylvan Lake." On the border of this lake is the monument of M'Donald Clarke, the "mad poet." It is just such a spot as a poet might wish to slumber in. The monument is a truncated pyramid, supported by a square block of white marble. On one side is an epitaph, written by himself:

"Sacred to the memory of
POOR M'DONALD CLARKE.
'Let silence gaze, but curse not his name.'"

On the second side is inscribed the following:

"By friendship's willing hand erected,
By genius, taste, and art adorned,
For one too long in life neglected,
But now, in death, sincerely mourned."

Near the grave of the "mad poet" is that of "Do-hum-mee, daughter of Nan-Nowce-Pushal-toe, a chief of the Sac Indians." This Indian girl accompanied her father, who was one of the delegation of the Sacs and Iowas, to Washington and the principal cities of the east in 1843. During their travelings she was married to a young chief of the Iowas; and a "little more than a month after the day of their nuptials, strangers decked the Indian maid for the grave in the same gay ornaments with which she had arrayed herself for her bridal;" and

"To her sylvan couch they bore her,
When the twilight shadows fell;
Softly smoothed the green turf o'er her,
Where in death she slumbers well."

Having completed our hasty inspection of the ground, we left, to mingle again in the scenes of the busy, bustling world; not, however, without feeling the deep conviction that erelong we and all that breathe will share the destiny of this sleeping, moldering host—not, as I trust we may say, without higher resolve to

"So live, that when our summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chambers in the silent halls of death,
We go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We will not close, however, without inviting all our friends from the country who may visit New

York, whether for business or pleasure, not to leave without devoting a *day* to Greenwood Cemetery. It will store your mind with pleasing impressions and memories of life-long endurance. Nor would we close without entering our solemn and earnest protest against that sordidness of taste and feeling, that, to so great an extent, throughout the country, leaves in pitiable and repulsive neglect the burial-places of the dead. We would that every such place throughout the land was so favored by nature and adorned by art as to make it an inviting place for retirement and meditation; where the living might commune with the departed, and, amid the speaking memorials of our mortality, learn lessons of virtue and piety.

A GLANCE AT NIAGARA.

BY G. F. FITT.

THOUGH words can scarce convey an idea equal to this wondrous work of nature, yet as they may give impression to the mind of more than a faint semblance, let me devote a few moments in trying to give a description of a *feature* or two of this magnificent scene. And while it is difficult for the pen to give such a description as will place those features vividly before the mind's eye, there is one of them particularly so: I mean the loud, continuous, roaring sound, which is wafted some miles distant from the scene. And should one, while visiting and viewing for himself, approach the Falls from the south, and wend his way along the river banks, he may the better be prepared when he comes to view the Cataract itself. Here along the banks of Niagara river a scene is made up of the passage of this vast body of clear water from the Lakes, and as it sweeps on between the Canada and New York shores—about one to two miles distant—he sees it rushing over its huge hidden rocks, which, vainly striving to impede its course, serve but to increase its speed; though he scarce can linger here, but is urged on by a wonder-working power, aided by the deafening, warring sound, till, with curiosity at its utmost tension, he arrives within a short distance where this moving ocean takes its plunge; and here, unequally divided by an intervening island, and narrowed to about six hundred feet, the current and depth meanwhile increased, with a prospect of terrific grandeur unsurpassed, its main bulk rushes and dashes over a curved precipice some six hundred thousand tons of water per minute; and thus you have, now full in view, another feature of Niagara. To describe my feelings, when, from Table Rock, I first viewed this stupendous work of nature, would impose a task too great for my performance; but methinks some such emotion might have been experienced by one in ancient times, when from the clouds he heard a voice saying, "Put thy shoes from off thy

feet, for, lo! the place where thou now standest is holy ground"—some such emotion as was then experienced doubtless has been felt by the spectator, while from Table Rock, or an equally favorable position, he first viewed the famous Falls of Niagara. Here on said rock, on a clear summer's morn, the writer, awe-stricken, stood, and in silent contemplation looked at this scene sublime. And truly did he wonder as he looked; for no common sight was here, but all was so magnificently grand that not till almost blinded by the sight could he respite find for his aching orbs; and then, looking toward the abyss, some two hundred feet below, where this foaming flood is anon dashed upon its craggy rocks, still another feature met his gaze, as upward rose its cloud of mist and spray. Here the tiny globes of air, encircled by their liquid prisons, arrest the sunbeams in their way, and, forming the arched rainbow, bedizened with all its gorgeous hues, present, in union with this mighty cataract, a scene that baffles all description, and makes one wish that in his roaming a Balch, or a Tefft, or an Evans—of the gentler sex—may stray this way; for a full description of this wonder has never yet been written. And now, after tumbling such a height, this boiling ocean, compressed in narrow bounds, gambols and foams, and then assuming a quiet aspect, with its deep and under current, passes smoothly along, till disturbed by the declivity of its rugged bottom, where again it foams in seeming anger, and rushing here between its lofty banks, with all its wonted fury over other rocks, it deepens in its course, and mildly passes on to commingle with the waters of Ontario.

SWEET THOUGHT.

Nothing can contribute more to the felicity of the domestic circle than unruffled sweetness of temper. Whenever we find our temper ruffled toward a parent, a wife, a sister, or a brother, we should pause and think, that in a few months or years they will be in the spirit-land, watching over us, or perchance we shall be there watching over them left behind. The intercourse of life between dear ones should be like that between guardian-angels. As Leigh Hunt, who has said many sweet things, sings:

"How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His eyes divine, and bring us from his bowers
News of our dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead, indeed—as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings."

THE LITTLE CHILD'S SOLILOQUY.

Wish my mamma would please keep me warm. My little bare legs are very cold with these lace ruffles; they are not half as nice as black Jim's woolen stockings. Wish I had a little pair of warm rubbers; wish I had a long-sleeved apron, for my bare neck and arms; wish I might push my curls out of my eyes, or have them cut off. Wish my dress would stay up on my shoulders, and that it was not too nice for me to get on the floor to play ninepins. Wish my mamma would go to walk with me sometimes, instead of Betty. Wish she would let me lay my cheek to hers, if I would not tumble her curls or her collar. Wish she would not promise me something "very nice," and then forget all about it. Wish she would answer my questions, and not always say, "Don't bore me, Freddy." Wish when we go out in the country, she wouldn't make me wear my gloves, lest I should "tan my hands." Wish she would not tell me that all the pretty flowers will "poison me;" wish I could tumble on the hay, and go into the barn and see how Dobbin eats his supper. Wish I was one of those little frisky pigs. Wish I could make pretty dirt pies. Wish there was not a bit of lace, or satin, or silk in the world. Wish I knew what makes mamma look so smiling at aunt Emma's children—who come here in their papa's carriage—and so very cross at my poor little cousins, whose mother works so hard and cries so much. Wish I knew what makes the clouds stay up in the sky, and where the stars go in the day-time. Wish I could go over on that high hill, where the bright sun is going down, and just touch it with my finger. Wish I didn't keep thinking of things that puzzle me, when nobody will stop to tell me the reason for any thing. If I ask Betty, she says, "Don't be a fool, Master Freddy." I wonder if I am a fool? I wonder if Betty knows much herself? I wonder why mamma don't love her own little boy? I wonder when I'm grown a man, if I shall have to look so nice all the time, and be so tired of doing nothing?—*Olive Branch.*

CHRIST NOT A SUBJECT FOR THE PENCIL.

THE following touching paragraph evinces a just appreciation of the character and mission of Christ, and furnishes a lesson to all artists.

"I once asked Allston, why, among the many Christian subjects he selected for the canvas, he had taken no part of the life of Christ for his theme. 'I have not done so,' he replied, 'because of my conviction concerning the nature, the mission, and character of the Savior: these exalt him so far beyond such an apprehension of him as could enable me to communicate any idea of him I may strive to reach, that I should fail if I attempt it. I could not make him a study of art.'"—*Reminiscences of Washington Allston.*

MIDNIGHT.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I'm sitting in the moonlight,
Beside the lattice low;
I'm gazing out into the night—
The moonbeams softly glow,
And burnish with their luster bright
The silver lake below.

I feel the holy quiet
That reigneth every-where;
The gay flowers with the night dews wet
Stir not their petals fair;
There seems a seal of silence set
Upon the very air.

And I alone am sleepless;
The tired world seeks repose;
All day the sun, with light caress,
Hath woo'd the opening rose;
Now rests the night's calm loveliness
On glen and upland close.

I watch'd the sunset fading
Along the glowing west;
The wild bird pass'd on airy wing
To seek its downy nest;
I heard the forest warblers sing
Ere they retired to rest.

And now the still, sweet beauty
Of night seems mine alone;
For through its hush there comes to me
A gentle undertone—
Perchance of angel minstrelsy,
Perchance of lays mine own.

The night is softly telling
Of rude and ancient lore;
A dreamy haze it seems to fling
Around the days of yore,
And wild, rich descants doth it sing
Till morning breaks once more.

GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN.

BY J. D. BELL.

WHEN rainbows rest upon the brow of summer,
And the warm days melt down to balmy dew—
When, like young lambs, the ripples sport and
gambol

Upon the meadow-breast of waters blue—
When angels, through the tuneful birds, are talking,
And the bland breezes teem with freights of love,
Look then, and, while the heavenly curtain opens,
Bright glimpses ye may catch of heaven above.

Mirrors of heaven are scattered all around us:
The spell of lovelit eyes and faces bright,
The ruby smiles that beam in infant visions—
All beauty blossoms with the heavenly light.

The beautiful stars are but the crystal windows
Through which the heavenly witch-light struggles
down;

And with the vestal roses and the rainbows
The pious fancy weaves the angel's crown.

Bathed in soft sunlight, have ye sometimes wandered
Down through the leafy frescoes of the wood,
And where the sad, wild flowers wept their beauty,
Uttered the sweet, warm praise of gratitude?
Then did ye feel that every thing was beautiful,
And the old dreams of sorrow sank away,
While softly silvering o'er the spirit-shadows
Ran the young sunbeams of celestial day!

And have ye stood beside the hero-Christian,
When life's warm tide was ebbing fast away,
And the pure soul, too brave for pain or passion,
Broke through its earth, and bursted into day?
Ah! then your eyes have caught th' unearthly ra-
diance,

Beaming through th' embrasures of the skies;
And still the pulses of the ravished spirit
Own to a spell whose witchery never dies.

APRIL.

BY MRS. SARAH M. OZARHART.

THOU heartless friend! with a hypocrite's smile,
But yesterday flatt'ring and fawning,
Who could have believed thee so tainted with guile,
As to scold with the morrow's dawning!

But yesterday richly the playful sun
Threw a golden brightness 'round us;
And we found the glad 'waking of birds had come,
To deepen the spell that bound us.

Not a frown appeared on the face of the sky;
She was robed in a tissue of blue;
And her warm, sweet breath told us summer was
nigh,
Though spring time was witchingly new.

Already we welcomed the infant grass,
And looked for the early flowers,
And the swelling buds of the velvet moss,
The regalia of the bowers.

Softly and slowly the warm light of day
Was borne on the gray wings of twilight away,
And Cynthia's beams through the locust boughs
crept,
Embracing the starlight till calmly we slept.

A dull, murky light, as we shiv'ring awoke,
Through our half-curtained windows reluctantly
broke,

As the deep-moaning wind and the clattering rain
Advised us to turn to our pillow again.

Then we dreamed of the changes in life's fitful sea,
Its mornings of darkness and evenings of glee,
And remembered that all, *all*, is passing away—
Though smiling or frowning, life lasts but a day.

READING ALOUD WELL.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. . . . Use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and—as I may say—whirlwind of your passion, you must beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness."

"Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing."

Is it not odd, that so few people read well? Out of every ten persons who take up a book, and undertake to utter its contents for the benefit of their companions, it may be fairly calculated, that five will read *ill*; four, *tolerably*; and that one may read *well*!

Yet bad reading involves some loss of a correct appreciation, or, at any rate, of a *full* appreciation of an author's meaning. Now it must surely be always important, that men and women should understand what they read to themselves; and it must generally be important, that what they utter should be understood when they read to others. It can scarcely be denied, that the power of reading well aloud is a graceful and very desirable accomplishment, especially in a woman; and to a family circle, an endless source of enjoyment.

Yet let any one recall the style of utterance of nine out of any ten of the readers whom it may have been his lot to hear. *Entre nous*, my unseen friend, do you not feel as if you could readily set each style to music and *make a tune of it*? If I possessed a little musical science, I would do so myself, and give my specimens, in this article, as illustrations. As it is, I must adopt another plan, and try to explain, in a very lucid way of my own, certain frequent and characteristic modes of reading; which I shall term, respectively, the *sloping style*; the *straight-line style*; the *zigzag*; the *staccato*, or *dotted*; the *legato*; the *meteoric*; and the *gushing*. There are other minor varieties; but these are the principal.

The *sloping style* always reminds me of a child's first copy; a series of down-strokes of equal dimensions; of unvarying parallels similarly declined. In this style of reading, smoothness is attained; but monotony reigns. The sentences and the strokes are all alike, and all go the same way. Every full-stop is a dying fall; question and answer, exclamations and sighings, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, passion and apathy, all are expressed with the same slow, gentle, declivity of tone; all have the same unvarying cadence. We are reminded of a ball rolling down an inclined plane, withdrawn at the bottom by invisible mechanism, to roll again from the same top to the same bottom, on, on, everlastingly.

The effect of such reading is twofold. In certain moods of the hearer's mind, with certain books not calling for defined accent and characteristic animation—and for a short time—it may be soothing; like the stillness of a summer evening, the hum of bees, or the monotony of running water;

but unlike these things, it must soon weary; for it lacks the truth and the vitality which communicate so sweet a charm to the lulling monotony of external nature. The mind of an intelligent being can only sleep for a season; and resists, with a sense of wrong and injury, any attempt to prolong a drowsiness which wearies it. The *ultimate* result, therefore, of the *sloping style* of reading, is irritation.

The *straight-line style*, which also rises from the want of a dramatic conception of an author's meaning, and from the absence, perhaps, of intellectual vivacity in the constitutional temperament of the reader, has even more of mere mannerism than belongs to the *sloping style*.

Instead of having downward tendencies, the tails of the straight-line sentences all turn upward, like the toe of an Eastern slipper. The cultivators of the straight-line style, so far as my experience goes, usually read in a low pitch of voice, and finish a prolonged utterance of words on one note by an ascent of a whole tone. Each sentence is the facsimile of that which preceded it; always beginning on the same pitch, all the words are spoken in equal measure; though sometimes with an utterance which aims either at accent or at distinctness, by a short *jerking out* of a word not unlike the drawing of a cork. Still, there is scarcely the variety afforded by undulations of sound. As nothing, save the unvarying cadence, ever becomes higher or lower; neither does any thing become faster or slower; louder or softer.

The effect of this reading is to repel attention. The listener grows unconscious, and the mind becomes absorbed in its own imaginations.

The *zigzag style* belongs to those who have more animation than intellect; who, conceiving variety to be attained by change alone, wander through the gamut without reference to tune or time; who mistake accent for expression; and wonder, that, being so eagerly vivacious in their delivery, they should fail to find good listeners. It is particularly unfortunate when readers of this class affect, as they often do, compositions of quiet humor; where the matter rather requires *permission* to carry its point in its own way to the ear of the audience, than to be developed and brought out by the rapid perception and rendering of the reader; where it cries "let me alone;" and prays not to be hustled into prominence. Of course, all delicate touches of wit or sentiment are by such readers destroyed, like the morning dew on cobweb traceries when brushed off by a donkey in search of a thistle. Coherence, too, is lost. There is not even a unity of design, like that traceable in the two first-mentioned styles; bad enough, it must be confessed; but still indicating a settled purpose; an intention.

The *staccato style* of reading is more concerned with the utterance of the words, than with their arrangement into sentences. Aiming, perhaps, at ultra-distinctness *for the ear*, it loses the colloquial

flow and blending of tone which should accompany clearness, soften its hard lines, and carry sense to the mind. Every syllable seems as if separately chiseled; and the words sound as if the syllables were imperfectly cemented together. It reminds one of a stone skimming the water when thrown by a child's hand, to see how many times it will touch the surface ere it sinks. The utterance hops where it should walk. There is no repose; and, therefore, no room for emphasis; neither is it possible, that, except under the condition of a prevailing equality and smoothness of delivery, any thing like fullness of effect can be given to delicate intonations of sound.

The *legato style* is a style of exaggerated smoothness. There is repose, indeed, but it is devoid of animation; there is sustained sound, but it is all *piano*; there is an extended surface, but the coloring is pale and shadowless; there is the neutral tint, but effective touches are wanting; there is no emphatic, spirit-stirring *forte*; no depth of shade to give, by contrast, brilliance to the light. It must be a stupid book, indeed, to which the *legato style* of reading could be truly adapted.

Of *meteoric* readers, specimens are not uncommon. This style blazes out in sudden sympathy with a dazzling thought; but the flame, which burns fiercely for a sentence, suddenly flickers and disappears. The isolated passages which kindle it bring to light a capacity for all that is beautiful and impressive. Pathos, energy, dignity, passion, all seem ready to answer a sudden summons; but they "come like shadows; and so depart;" they are not dwellers on those lips; and they "leave not a wreck behind," to afford sure anticipation for the future. No one can reckon on a reader of this class. It is a mere accident when his delivery is true. Who, that has not listened to such painful contrasts, could believe, that one mind could prompt the uttering of consecutive sentences in modes so dissimilar? The one so eloquent; making the sound a very echo to the sense! The other, by a series of wrong stops, capricious accents, and wandering intonations, so nonsensical!

The *gushing style* differs from the *meteoric*, inasmuch as, while the latter is fitful, the former is continuous. The gushing reader pours out sentences, in unbroken succession, with a subdued impatience, and a quiet eagerness, as if afraid of being stopped before he can find time to finish what he is most anxious to communicate. Rapid and rushing is that Niagara of utterance; yet, as humanity must have breathing-times, the halts which are necessary to the due recovery of exhausted respiration, divide the *rushing* into *gushes*.

This sort of delivery is exciting to listeners, and therefore, after a little while, it is exhausting to the strained attention. It is charming to watch the usually quiet progress of some peaceful river, broken by opposing rocks, and made to whirl, and foam, and struggle; but one would soon become weary if all were strife; and would long for the

calm depths, and the glassy surface, and the gentle murmur; and desire to see heaven's light and earth's shadows once more reflected from its untroubled mirror.

And how is any one to steer clear of all these disagreeable absurdities? How read well?

"If to do were but as easy as to know *what* to do!" But, alas! It is a good teacher that follows his own instructions.

For me, too, there is another difficulty. Even if it were in my power—as, I grieve to say, it is not—so to read aloud, as to illustrate, in poetry and prose, every perfection of every style, such ability, on my part, would avail you, my friend, but little. To you, dear reader, I can offer nothing but words without sound; words which may, perhaps, serve to indicate an error, but which may utterly fail to describe a propriety. A poet has complained of the insufficiency of words

"To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray;"

and how can I do more than "feebly essay" to indicate, as it respects the art under our consideration, some of the principal features, which, like eyes, nose, mouth, and complexion, help to make up that aggregate of charms, which, when harmoniously combined, constitute—Beauty?

True, the beauty of good reading, like that of a good countenance, must have certain points that *can* be defined; but then it must also have that undefinable charm, and that indescribable power, which the same poet hails as

"The mind, the music breathing from the face;

The heart whose softness harmonized the whole."

Let us then regard INTELLECT and FEELING—or sympathy—as the two most important essentials in a good reader.

The intellect must be large, and pliable; capable of a full and clear comprehension of the whole subject, and of that appreciation of an author's style which renders easy the rapid perception of the actual expressions, not only as they meet the bodily eye, but also with regard to their natural and necessary sequence. The mind should, on many accounts, have its taste cultivated to prefer the best, and to shun the poor; but a reader, as such, must be able, for the time, to assimilate even his taste to that of his author, otherwise he will neither have the clearness of comprehension, nor the feeling, or sympathy, necessary to identify him with his subject. The good reader and his book constitute a species of centaur, and, like that fabled association of man and horse, must be recognized as a unity.

Coleridge tells us, that genius must have talent, "as its complement and implement;" and, in like manner, our reader must have a *voice*, as the implement with which he works, and by means of which he evinces his comprehension and due appreciation of, and his sympathy with, his author.

But voices vary. They may be melodious, or harsh; sweet and flexible, or stiff and croaking; rich and full, or thin and wiry.

It is said, that some one, desiring to test, in a somewhat unwarrantable manner, the skill of Paganini—who was reputed to play on an enchanted fiddle—changed his instrument on some public occasion. The great artist, on advancing to commence his performance, perceived the trick; called to it the attention of the audience; and proved to their fascinated ears, that the charm lay not in the instrument on which he played, but in his management of it. I would advise my readers to ponder this anecdote.

When a voice is so regulated that the singer can take any note, within its natural compass, with readiness, ease, and softness; hold it without wavering, firmly and boldly; swelling it by a gentle crescendo, till the utmost force of melodious utterance is attained; and then, as gently, and still without wavering, gradually diminish the body of sound to the original degree of softness, and drop the note, after some fifteen or eighteen seconds, without effort, without exhaustion, without puffing out the remaining breath or sighing for more, without varying the pitch, or deviating into harshness or poverty in the quality of the tone; then it is an undeniable fact, that though the voice may be only moderately sweet, and by no means rich, and may have but small power; it is not the *voice's* fault, if its owner can not read WELL. Half the faults of half the amateur vocalists whose singing one hears with pain and sorrow, arise, I verily believe, from a want of due attention to the time and manner of "taking breath." Any country choir, and some city choirs, will afford amusing specimens of the art of taking breath in wrong places, and of attempting to sing without taking breath at all; a thing as impossible as that a locomotive engine should travel without the necessary amount of wood and coal.

All this has more to do with good reading than may at first sight appear.

Let me not be misunderstood. I by no means intend to assert the glaring absurdity, that good readers are always good singers, or that good singers invariably read well. I admit, that there exists, *at present*, little or no practical connection between the two arts; but I believe that there ought to be a close one. I believe that many a fair vocalist fails to touch the heart by her performance, simply because she can not read her song sensibly, and, therefore, can not sing it feelingly; and I also believe that many a reader fails to be attractive and impressive, because his ear is not awakened to a sense of the power exercised over the mind by varied musical intonation.

It is true, indeed, that some people seem to read well, and others to sing well, by intuition; from some native talent, or some inherent taste, for which no one can account. With such persons as these I have at present nothing to do. My remarks are addressed only to those, who, not being born readers, may yet wish to achieve reading, or who may be willing, in all humility, to have reading thrust

upon them. It is to *these*, and not to ready-made readers, that I offer my lucubrations.

I will suppose, then, that some young aspirant to the art of reading aloud WELL, has not refused to secure the controlling and mellowing of her voice by assiduous practice of *the Scale*. Some twenty minutes' daily labor, my young friend, till the desired object be attained, and afterward an occasional practice, will suffice; and as every good workman must see to the sharpening of his tools, *you* will not grudge this necessary labor.

Now, then, you are well appointed to your task. How will you perform it?

ALL reading should be *dramatic*; that is, animated and lifelike; but not, therefore, *stage-like*. There need be no shrieking for heroines; all the "roaring" should be done "gently;" and the whippers need not be very hollow and frightful. The acted drama has been said, by no mean authority, to be "*life on stilts*." Reading must be life, without the stilts; any approach to stilts is here decidedly objectionable.

The essential qualifications for good reading have been sufficiently dwelt upon. They are—

1. INTELLECTUAL COMPREHENSION;
2. SYMPATHETIC APPRECIATION, with the resulting *identification*; and—
3. A VOICE, trained like a well-broken horse, to ANSWER THE REIN.

Having these, a reader has only to throw his mind, as it were, into that of his author, and to imagine *his* words to be his own. Thus he becomes *dramatic*; and then, as a natural consequence, he gives appropriate utterance, as the case may be, to the smooth flow of narrative, to the passionate burst of eloquence, the thrill of emotion, the gentle tenderness, the dignity, the scorn, the sorrow, the penitence, the outburst of fury, the love, the hate, the sadness, the joy; to all the varieties of feeling of which the versatility of the human character is capable, or which can be exhibited in books.

In reading prose, there is, on the whole, less temptation to mannerism than in reading poetry. The metrical fetters are, by many persons, made sadly to clang and ring in one's ears. Such readers substitute time for melody; a metronome for a piano-forte. In mere rhyme, though he will never slur it over, a good reader knows that he can not find the true key to correct intonation. Rhyme, be it ever so perfect, might belong to good old Sternhold and Hopkins; but if you would be lapped in the elysium of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" if, in short, you would have *poetry*, you must go to—think of your own favorite poet, dear reader. Who is it? What name does spontaneous memory first suggest? Shakspeare? or Milton? or Scott? or Montgomery? or Barrett? Quaint George Herbert? or metaphysical Coleridge? Cloudy Longfellow? or proverbial Tupper? Whichever it be, *that* poet's works you ought, *par excellence*, to read *well*; for if we can not give fitting utterance to that which we love

how can we hope to render with propriety that with which we have little or no sympathy?

To read an author badly, is to do him a manifest injustice. We act unfairly by him, when, by wrong accent, incorrect emphasis, or mistaken intonation, we give to his words a sense foreign to his intention. TRUTH is essential to good reading. There are indeed cases which allow wide scope for difference of opinion; but these very cases mark how singularly important it is, that a reader should be at all times at once *judicious* and *honest*. To illustrate my meaning here, I must quote from memory.

Mrs. Jameson, in her graceful "Characteristics of Women," remarks on the various readings which may be given of a noted passage in Macbeth.

Macbeth. "If we should fail—

Lady M. " . . . We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail."

Three modifications of meaning may be given to these few words by accent and intonation; and three different ideas conveyed to their hearers.

1. Macbeth, hesitating and timid, hints at failure.

"If we should fail."

Lady Macbeth, bold and fearless, replies, "We fail." That is, suppose they do fail; what then? It is of no consequence; they fail; and there is an end of the business. "If we fail, we fail; and no great matter if we do; but *fear* nothing, and we'll not fail."

2. Macbeth's question is asked with a more intense terror. The chance of failure creates awe. He has not merely doubt, he has dread.

"If we should FAIL."

He seems to view, in the dim and clouded future, outlines of terrible results; results such as he would not willingly encounter. Lady Macbeth sees none; fears none; nay, she can not believe the possibility of *failure* to be a point for consideration. What should lead to failure if their *nerves* failed not? Their plans were well-arranged; no human eye would track them; it was only a vain fancy, and a child-like spirit, which could whisper fear and distrust. "We FAIL!" she replies, with wondering doubt, whether she heard aright, "But we'll not fail."

3. *Macbeth.* "If we should fail—

Lady M. " . . . We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail."

The subsequent words, "What can not you AND I perform?" furnish the key to this third reading; which supposes Lady Macbeth to burst forth with the expression of her unconquerable faith in herself, and to exhibit the confidence of an indomitable will, "We'll not fail!" Is SHE to be supposed, and by her husband too, to be weak enough to invent some idle scheme which a breath might overturn; and that, too, when a kingdom was at stake? Some there might be, fools enough to cast all upon the hazard of a doubtful die; but "WE" to be suspected of such simplicity. "WE'LL not

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fail!" What *my* head has planned, *your* hands can execute. Each is equal to the work; then how should the work fail? "What can not you AND I perform?"

Of course, a reader's general estimate of the characters of Macbeth and his terrible wife would lead him to throw the emphasis on the words which gave the modification best expressing that estimate; and he would have at least three marked diversities to select from; the merely reckless; the closely calculating; the self-dependent.

Coleridge mentions the different effects produced by two modes of reading that sublime revelation in Genesis of the creation of light. It is more difficult to describe than the passage from Shakspeare, because we have here not so much a difference of meaning, as a heightening of effect; a more dramatic result.

Moreover, it must be remembered in each instance given, that accent may be described; but not intonation. A reader might give the same accent to the same passage fifty times successively; but he would be as little likely to echo his own intonation in repeating it, as to step in precisely the same places when recrossing a room.

"And God said, Let there be light,
And there was light."

As this passage is usually read in—and out of—our churches, the announcement of the command is usually given in a tone of solemn equality. No particular accent is laid. In the *statement of the fact*, a stress is laid on "*was*."

"And there *was* light."

Coleridge suggests, as a far more impressive delivery of the passage, that it should be accented thus:

"And God said—Let there be LIGHT!
— And there was LIGHT!"

Here the accent being reserved for the real subject of the revelation, the sudden flood of brightness seems to burst simultaneously over the world at the command of the Creator. *He* spoke; and it was *done*. We pass, as it were, *at once* out of thick darkness into the new-created *light*. There is an added conviction of power—"might, majesty, and love"—conveyed by giving this fullness of sublimity to the inspired words.

There should be *no accent*, according to this idea of the passage, on the words, "And there was." Mere forerunners, these words must not attract, much less exhaust, the attention which is to be arrested and captivated by a sense of the suddenness with which light dispelled primeval darkness, and brightened the new world at the summons of its Creator.

I have heard the ordinary delivery of this passage cleverly contended for. In reply, I can only plead, that Coleridge's suggestion first opened to my mind the magnificence of the sublime brevity, yet comprehensive fullness, of these few words of inspiration.

If only for the sake of communicating to others

a more thorough comprehension, and a higher enjoyment, it would surely be worth a Christian's while to learn to read well. I confess, that Scriptural reading is to me, for the most part, a very painful affair. In the Bible the Lord speaks from heaven; devils whisper from their dread abode; man cries for help; angels sing of deliverance; and shall the sense of the words spoken be clouded by dull monotony, by listless indifference, or by apathetic droning? Forbid it, reason! Forbid it, religion! Let us summon truth, simplicity, and animation, to evince our deep and practical interest in these solemn utterances. However we may distort the efforts of human authorship, let our reverence for God's word forbid us to trifle, in the least sense, with its meaning.

It is a good study for young people to analyze the structure of style in different writers; and though, at this moment, I call attention to this study, chiefly for the sake of obtaining for the compositions of different authors *better reading*, this is by no means the only, or even the most important advantage to be derived from it.

Every writer has a *rhythm* of his own; that which more directly constitutes his *style*, than any mere current of thought or choice of words. To read two differing styles in one tone; or, in other words, to give to two different styles of rhythm only one style of delivery, is manifestly absurd. Think of giving but one cadence to the pompous tread of Johnson, and to the careless, easy gait of Addison; to the majestic roll of Bacon's sonorous grandeur, and to the jesting alternation of quaint humor and touching sentiment in the essays of Elia; to the calm and musical monotony of Pope, and to the wild eloquence of Ossian; to the gossip of Portia with Nerissa, and to the soliloquy of Hamlet, or to the solemn dirge of Young. We feel at once the folly of the *idea*; but do we always escape its *realization*?

Those who read well in one style are sometimes contented with that style alone, and apply it, as a mask, for every author. One of the best readers I ever knew, for epigrammatic and pointed compositions, was also, *comparatively*, to my ear, a very indifferent reader of mere narrative. To her admirable delivery I owe my first acquaintance with Cowper. She read to me his "Conversation." It was a treat; and I shall not readily forget it. Its memory is still fresh on my list of pleasures. But I never could so *heartily* enjoy her narrative reading. It wanted ease, flow, carelessness, so to speak. There was an air of labor about it.

It is time to bring these wandering observations to a close. Even if I have been tedious to little purpose, my paper will not be wholly futile, if it help to lighten or refine the enjoyment of *one* family circle, or lead *one* young reader to search with more watchful intelligence into the mind of an author, and thus to obtain a juster appreciation of his characteristic beauties.—*Englishwoman's Magazine*.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

BY J. C. MITCHELL.

CHIVALRY, as it existed in the Middle Ages, has long been unknown. We no longer behold embattled troops of knights, with swords dangling at their sides, eager for the bloody combat. The pageantry of the tournament, the joust, and the round-table have passed away, never to be renewed. The lover of the present day is not anxious to break a lance with an equal in honor of his lady. Noblemen of the nineteenth century do not educate their sons for the knighthood; and war is not now as popular an occupation as it was of yore—it has lost its romantic aspect.

But notwithstanding all this, the spirit of chivalry is not extinct. It has only assumed a new form. As a caterpillar passes through the chrysalis to the butterfly, so chivalry has only laid dormant awhile, to reappear in another and more attractive shape. It has left the tented field, and has taken up its abode with the lords of the tongue and the quill. It no longer delights in murderous contests, like those of Acre, Agincourt, and St. Elmo; but seeks to display itself in the vehement yet bloodless combats of the intellectual arena. Divested of its old armor, it now wears "freedom of speech" for a helmet, and "the freedom of the press" for a shield; while it uses genuine logic for a sword, and manly wit for a lance. And judging from the clangor of arms, and the deafening cry of the champions shouting for the battle, it is not hard to believe that the "war of words" is carried on quite as zealously as the crusades themselves.

A new question, whether it be social, political, or religious, is no sooner brought up than it must run the gauntlet, from one end of the nation to the other. Statesmen, divines, lawyers, doctors, mechanics, and farmers, all pounce upon it at once—some arranging themselves on one side, and some on the other. Thus whatever of either good or bad it possesses is soon brought out in the strongest light. And who is not able to predict the result? The right must triumph over the wrong. When truth and error, equally armed, meet upon an open field, the weak and cowardly cohorts of the latter must ultimately fly before the stanch warriors of the former, as the shades of night fly before the rays of the morning sun. A generous rivalry between the different parties of the day can only result in the good of society. As a tempest serves to purify and keep from stagnation the waters of a lake, so these intellectual battlings, if carried on in a truly chivalrous spirit, tend to elevate and correct public sentiment. Though much time and talent are often thus spent to little purpose, still they are scarcely ever entirely lost. Almost every collision of giant minds, arrayed on the opposite sides of a question, elicits a fresh spark of truth, and adds another gem to the glittering crown of knowledge.

Then let no American pine because our land is constantly agitated by the spirit of discussion. True, there are some who disgrace themselves by their base, unmanly bickerings, and others who have suffered their zeal to grow up into blind fanaticism. This is to be regretted. But who would stop the mouths of our public lecturers because a few of them support visionary schemes of reform? No one who wishes to see the masses elevated to the highest standard of morality. Who would destroy the freedom of the press because there is now and then an editor that disgraces his calling? No one who would not deprive Liberty of her palladium. Who would lay an interdict upon the pens of our statesmen because some of them write seditious things? No one who desires the perpetuity of our free institutions. Who would lock the doors of our churches because the most abominable theology is sometimes preached from their pulpits? No one who values the boon for which the Pilgrim Fathers crossed the briny deep—"freedom to worship God."

THE GRAVES OF MY HOUSEHOLD.

—
BY LINDA.
—

A FATHER planted a rose by the grave of his little one—his first-born. He remembered her love for flowers; he felt a mournful solace in surrounding her little grave with fit emblems of herself. Ere it had time to bloom another—the last fond idyl of our hearts—was laid beside her sister. In three short weeks the father, too, found his last quiet resting-place, ere the rose, which affection had led him to place beside his darling ones, had shed its first blossoms of summer. He died

"In summer's brightest hour,
When roses bloom, and prettiest seem."

A broken-hearted wife and mother daily visited the graves of her loved ones. She felt she had nothing left her of all the cherished objects of affection, and she had not, *no, not one, left to love!* She watched with unremitting solicitude the rose, and almost loved it as if it had been a thing of life. At length a bud appeared. Almost hourly did she watch its growth. One morning it was just ready to burst—its petals began to unfold. Her sensitive heart was glad—the rose was *white*. A few hours and she again approached the sacred spot—the rose was gone! Yes, truly, kind reader, this is no fancy sketch. She sank to the earth, and in the bitterness of her soul exclaimed, "O, what have I done that I can not even love a flower, but it must be rudely snatched from me!" She knew it was never disturbed by *man*. For a time her feelings would admit of no search respecting its fate. At length with an energy which despair alone could give, she arose, and proceeded to the spot. The leaves were literally strewed over the graves of her own

sweet ones! On gathering up some, the mystery, *in part*, was solved. Distinctly visible on every leaf was the impression made by a bird's bill!

For a time that mother almost forgot her sorrows. She fancied that even the birds and the flowers were her friends, and sympathized with her, vying with each other in paying a tribute of love to the departed. She remembered how her little one of six years had ever loved the birds and the flowers; how she had begged of her favorite playmate to take care of them for her; and how one bright morn, when death was hastening its work, she asked for the curtain to be raised that she might look out and see the birds. She thought, too, of the lisping wee prattler of scarce three summers, the music of whose voice had gained for her the name of "*our bird*," and how she had left, as a precious relic, a leaf, which, with her own tiny fingers, she put to her lips and kissed—her *last* kiss of earth! Still another treasured recollection came rushing into her heart. 'Twas a painfully pleasing remembrance of how sweetly the birds had sung when morning's earliest dawn found her watching beside the sick bed of *him*, her only remaining hope of earth. O, was it not something to think of, that when *he* died so marked was their silence for weeks that those whose imaginations were *not* disordered failed not to note the change!

Time will never efface the impression made in that hour of solemn mystery! Slowly the lone one left the spot where she would fain have laid herself beside her loved ones, and claimed a share of kindred love from the birds and flowers. O, why is it that

"The bright and the lovely are fading away,
And the beautiful here soonest go to decay?"

Fate has since removed the mother far from the graves of her household. Every month has the white rose shed its blossoms on their quiet graves. While none but strangers now "watch over them," the sweet warbling of the birds ever remind her that her treasures were removed by Him who hath said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and that he can make use of the birds and the flowers to carry tokens of love and care home to the hearts of those who will trust in him.

THE LIFE TO COME.

I HAVE seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread upon the ground. I looked again; it sprang forth afresh, its stem was crowded with new buds, and its fragrance filled the air. And thus shall it be with thee, O man, and shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of thy ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth; but thou shalt be raised again, and thou shalt never die any more. *This mortal shall put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory.*

STRICT GOVERNMENT.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

BY W. T. COOGERSHALL.

SOME years ago I was a resident of a quiet village, in which half a dozen boys, from twelve to sixteen years of age, stood heirs to the first position in the genteel society of the town. The leader among the lads was a deacon's son; his most intimate friend was the minister's eldest boy; another was the "hopeful" of the most popular among the village physicians; the fourth was the "prop" of the household of a pious widow; the fifth was the pride of the wealthiest merchant of the town; and the sixth was a country lad of rare promise, who boarded with the schoolmaster.

Never was an orchard robbed, a melon-patch disturbed, a sign changed, or a bee-hive rifled of its sweets, that some one of these boys could not give full particulars of all the hair-breadth escapes attending the exploit. It was these boys who devised the stretching of strings across the sidewalks, on dark nights, for the purpose of throwing to the ground all careless pedestrians; they were the fellows who fastened a piece of twine to the bell-handle at the door of the village hotel, tied ears of corn to this twine, in the dusk of evening drove up the pigs, and caused the lazy ostler, amid mutterings both loud and deep, to run after "false alarms."

Was any body's door-step removed of a dark night to some out-of-the-way alley, one of these boys could always tell who played the prank. Was there a political gathering, a Fourth of July celebration, or a boat-launch, these boys were foremost in the ranks of young "patriots," who entertain the idea that he who can make way with the greatest number of glasses of wine or porter is the "best man."

Temperance societies were in vogue in those days. Nobody drank spirits, but every body had the privilege of taking as much wine, beer, or cider as seemed to him or her advisable, and the temperance pledge was never broken. It was fashionable for old folks to sip wine, for young folks to drink malt beer. The boys knew that when their fathers met to talk over Church affairs the elderly gentlemen also discussed the merits of the deacon's or minister's port wine; and they were unwilling to see any reason why, when they met to lay their plans for the prosecution of sport, they might not just as well discuss the merits of the village brewer's beer. Amazing fond grew their fathers of rare old port, and amazing fond grew they of nut-brown ale and foaming beer. Sometimes, when they had plenty of beer, they did not have enough examples of good moral conduct, such as their fathers recommended; but fashionable they must be; and when they heard bold men roll out ominous oaths, they felt that there was some "pomp and circumstance" in such boldness, and it soon be-

came easy for them to mouth the "cheek-distending oath" with as little ceremony as the bravest of their grown-up companions. Of course, their parents knew naught of this "progress." Other boys less bold witnessed their "rise in the world," and envied their independence, and were often inclined to take such measures as might have put a check upon their sinful growth; but were they not leaders in all the village sports and pastimes, and who dare say they dare not swear? They wore the finest clothes of any boys in the town; they attended Sabbath school, and were seldom missed at church, if they did often miss the sermon on account of the necessity of attending to their dreams; and if once in a while it did happen that one of them was so careless as to get more beer in the region covered by his waistcoat than was compatible with the quiet of his head, did he not have a patent of respectability in the position of his parents; and what cared he for any "slant" an envious "plebeian" might hurl at him?

These boys were sent to bed without their suppers if they neglected family prayers; were severely whipped if they played truant from school; were obliged to commit the Shorter Catechism to memory; and were under the "disagreeable necessity" of attending not only Sabbath-day sermons, but various weekly prayer meetings; and here their moral and religious instruction ended. They "went it" each on his own hook after this. What was the result? I will take one case to illustrate the whole, showing, as I proceed, what exceptions there were to this case.

Nelson Cliff was the jolliest and bravest, the wittiest and most generous boy of the "crowd." He was the widow's son. He was as reckless as he was good-humored, and was well skilled in all the accomplishments necessary to constitute him a leading member of the "first society." It was determined that he should have an education. He attended school faithfully, and made such progress in his lessons as won the heart of his teacher. His mother destined him for the ministry; and she was what she considered as watchful of his principles as a mother could be. It was the rule of her house that Nelson should have but half an hour for play between school-hours; that he should be at home to read the Bible for family worship at seven o'clock each evening; that he should retire to rest at nine; and that half of the day on Saturday he should read to her from the writings of the fathers in the Church. On the Sabbath he was always his mother's attendant at church. He was free and jovial; his mother was rigid, sedate, and distant. Whenever his buoyant nature expressed itself in rippling gladness in her presence, he suffered severe reproof. His genial heart was "cribbed, cabined, and confined" at home. He loved his mother, but she was no companion for him. Her object seemed to be to teach him to wear on his countenance the sober expression of one who had suffered a lifetime of sorrow. How often did he wish

for a sister who would be his playmate, in whom he could confide; but he was an only child, and the solace he sighed for at home he was obliged to seek abroad. Often when his mother was sound asleep, at the dead hour of midnight, did his companions arouse him by a concerted signal, and he would join them and carouse till daybreak. He had rather suffered the amputation of his right arm than had his mother informed of these disobediences; and although her neighbors knew that Nelson deceived her, that she was treasuring hopes destined to be blighted, no one informed her till it was too late—then she saw for herself. Nelson was one evening absent. His mother walked her room in fear that some accident had befallen him—that he had fallen into bad company—the latter suspicion was well grounded. His habits of clandestine enjoyment had grown so strong upon him, that he was induced to go with his companions, after school, to an oyster supper. He intended to be at home before seven o'clock. It was nine, and he came not; at ten he was borne home brutally intoxicated. His mother did not then utter a word of reproach; her heart was too full. In that hour did she learn that for nearly two years Nelson's life had been one continued deceit. She reproached her neighbors with their remissness; but they told her that charity had forbidden them to speak, hoping that when Nelson grew older he would reform. Then she wept, with feelings a mother only can understand; her tears fell upon Nelson's bloated face, but he knew it not. Had he been himself, how his heart would have leaped to sympathize with the feeling which brought tears to his mother's eyes for his sake!

On the morrow he was summoned to meet his stern mother. He came with shame written upon his countenance; his head hung low; he would have fallen upon his knees and begged his mother's forgiveness, promising to sin no more; he waited, with beating heart, for one word of sympathizing encouragement. Had the mother wept then, and but said, "My son," with a sob, all had been well. Nelson summoned courage to steal one glance at his mother's face. Its expression was stern, forbidding, and reproachful. He was told how he had disgraced himself and his home; how he had abused his mother's confidence, blasted her hopes, and insulted his father's memory; but he received no word of kind counsel; he alone was responsible; he alone was guilty. He went from his mother's presence unchanged; he resolved to grieve her no more, but his resolution was weak. There was a gulf between them. One kind thought gently spoken would have bridged that gulf; but that thought, nursed on either side, was never expressed, and the gulf widened.

It was not many months before Nelson absented himself from family worship; then he neglected Sabbath school; and, finally, his seat at the village church was often vacant. His mother's health failed, and her increase of ills augmented her nat-

ural sternness of character. Her friends grieved for her; but their sympathy could not so minister to her sufferings that her grief was relieved.

For a week Nelson Cliff had not been seen in the village. It was reported that his mother had sent him to a distant school, to remove him from the evil associations of his youth; but his companions knew that he had told his mother he could no longer stay at home, and she had given him money, and bid him go and reform. He refused the money, but he went from his native village as one who has been guilty of a heinous crime—secretly—shunning the knowledge of all except a few intimate friends.

Was not this boy's mother a martyr? had she known the generous nature of her son, had she understood his genial, honest character, how much sadness "which no tongue can express" might she have been saved! But she was to know that he of whom she could scarcely think with calmness was not the base wretch she imagined.

Ten years elapsed, and Nelson Cliff returned to his native village. He had gone into the world like an Ishmaelite. He returned another man. For six years he ran a round of dissipation, and was on the brink of ruin when he met one who was to him more than a sister. He told her the story of his life; their hearts became one; she begged him to write his mother, asking forgiveness. He poured out his soul to her from whom he had been so long estranged; the gulf between them was bridged; the mother saw how she had wronged her son; and when Nelson was twenty-seven years of age, the mother met her boy with an understanding, an appreciation of his character for the first time. Nelson was not a preacher; but the mother had two children now—one had been found during Nelson's estrangement, and had been the instrument of reconciliation, and the mother was recompensed.

Where were Nelson's companions—his fine boon-fellows? Two of them had died prematurely on account of the habits which drove him from his home; the minister's son, like him, had been obliged to leave the paternal roof; one was wandering his friends knew not whither; and the fifth was known as the village sot.

Cliff met him as a brother, told him of his triumph over appetites that had degraded him, and urged him to be a man; but such advice reached the miserable man at an hour when he felt himself an irreclaimable outcast, and in a few years he died a drunkard, after having squandered such a fortune as would have educated half the indigent children of the township.

Were not the parents of all these boys martyrs to false systems? There are now such fathers in every community, but they are not as numerous as they were fifteen years ago. People are everywhere beginning to teach their children as if they felt that there was a living morality as well as a religion of forms—that it is more profitable to give some time to the rational culture of youthful mind,

than to exhaust every energy in the pursuit of wealth, and leave children to be educated only so far as restrained compliance with the forms, customs, and fashions of society may demand.

TO THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

BY ELOISE.

A PLACE in thy pages I gladly would fill
With artistic precision and poetic skill;
But no theme of the artist enlivens my brain,
No gems of the poet in my coronet shine;
Nor is mine the power—for it may not be—
To weave a laurel befitting thee.

Yet, O, could I wake the poet's lyre,
With its holy, unquenchable, heavenly fire,
E'en then, though I call forth its sweetest strain,
And its melody lingers o'er mountain and plain
In harmonious notes, yet it may not be
That I weave a strain befitting thee!

Though I sing of the morn, when the bright sun
above

Looks on us in beauty, in softness, and love—
When the leaflets are glitt'ring with the tears of the
night,
And the dew-drops, like diamonds, are sparkling
bright;

Though I sing of such beauty, yet it may not be
That I sing a strain befitting thee.

I would sing of the eve, when o'er the blue sky
Shine myriads of stars in radiant joy;
No song, save the night bird's, is heard on the hill;
No sound, save the voice of the murmuring rill—
I would sing of these, yet it may not be
That I weave a strain befitting thee.

I would sing of the mountain, the hill, and the
plain,

Till the notes of my song were redchoed again;
I would sing of the rivers, the trees, and the flowers,
That enliven with beauty the sylvan bowers;
Though I sing of the beautiful, bright, and free,
Yet I sing no song befitting thee.

I would sing of the ocean, whose mighty roar
Is heard unceasingly from shore to shore—
Whose waves have borne myriads to a fathomless
grave;

In the home of the sea-fish, 'mid the pearl of the
wave;

Though my song be redchoed by the waves of the
sea,

It breathes forth no strain befitting thee.

I love thy fair columns; but for me 'tis vain
To weave for thy pages a melodious strain;
Though I sing of the ocean, the earth, and the sky,
The song-bird, the dew-drop, the violet's sigh,
Of beauty or love, yet it may not be
That I weave a song befitting thee.

THE GARDEN OF SCIENCE.

BY MARIA L. CHADWICK.

It is a lovely garden, with verdure ever crowned,
Where fair and fadeless blossoms fling odor sweet around.

It is a lovely garden, with verdure ever crowned,
Where fair and fadeless blossoms
Fling odor sweet around,
And there roam happy beings
As on the earth are found.

But some this garden enter who there no charm
descry,
Who gaze upon its beauty
With a careless, thoughtless eye;
Unconscious of its loveliness,
They pass on gayly by.

Others again oft linger 'mid its fairy bowers,
And twine most beauteous garlands
Of those immortal flowers.

O, hallowed is the memory
Of those gay, joyous hours!

And while thus daily gleaning from nature's silent
page,

Doth not its wondrous Architect
An earnest thought engage—
He who controlleth all events
Upon life's busy stage?

VIOLETS.

BY H. N. POWERS.

THE violets blossomed when she came,
And welcomed her with their sweet name,
For she was flower-like with no blame.

Twelve months her heart beat without stain;
And after April's sunny rain,
The violets spiced the air again.

She loved them though she knew not why,
And looked from them to love the sky;
Herein to us was mystery!

While feeling for their bloom one day,
An angel hovered where she lay,
Kissed her soft lips, and went away.

We left the blossoms on her breast,
And laid her dainty form at rest—
We did not own what Heaven caressed!

Now where the white mementoes rise,
A little bed of violet lies,
Still looking sweetly to the skies.

There our Viola grows more fair,
A flower fanned by celestial air—
We hope one day to see her there.

EUREKA.

BY J. D. DELL.

THERE is a rapture which has its birth in the pure depths of the soul, far from the flesh; and when its mysterious thrills pass through us we seem to be deluged with the falling heavens. This joy is a sort of divine secret, bosomed in spirituality. It is rarely made a subject of conversation, since, indeed, it is too high and spiritual to be associated with familiar experiences; and yet all have been, at some time, convulsed with its ravishing inspiration, or overpowered by its dazzling vision-gleams. It is not a pleasure which is derived immediately from the senses. It is too ideal and sublime for such an origin. We are too passive under even the brightest and richest impressions of the nature that lies and lives without us to be swept out of the body into the spirit. The beautiful but impresses the soul sweetly, not rapturously; it is a source of delight rather than fruition. And the sublime only shows us that the divinity of nature is victoriously reveling in the same lofty mood as that into which the divinity of our own souls would fain be thrown. To come directly to the essence of this higher joy, we may say, in almost a word, that it is the *heroism* of the spirit—

"A nobler substance than the stars"—

holding jubilee over a victory of thought or genius. It is manhood on fire. In one noble sense, our thoughts are brave and beautiful warriors, battling up the proud steep of human endeavor. The battle is a fierce one—that of spirit with flesh, will with circumstances. Old Difficulty, with his stormy locks and brazen forehead, champing his iron teeth, with a soon-to-be-tested bravado, Goliath-like, confronts the David of the soul, and laughs defiance at his little sling, freighted with a thunderbolt. Or, perchance, the heroic soul is beleaguered by an army of fierce Impossibilities, threatening to overwhelm it, as they show their hostile fronts, and seem to strike the very clouds with their broad falchions; and that little Sampson—Genius—with omnipotence bristling in his golden hair, leaps up to the rescue of manhood, and

"Through fields of air pursues the flying storm,
Rides on the volleyed lightning through the heavens,"

teaching the very adamant that

"It is not in things o'er thought to domineer."

And when the contest is over, and the trophies of victory are gathered together, all the faculties of the soul seem to hold holiday. They sing, and frolic, and dance, as if intoxicated with the wine of life. And sometimes the utterances of transport seem to break through the embrasures of the spirit, and we even hear them quivering along the dense, outer air. EUREKA is the victory-shout of triumphant genius. You have heard this down in the valley of history, still echoing from the past, as if between great hills of victory; and has it not struck fire into your rapt ears?

The genius of Archimedes was holding holiday when he leaped, naked, from his bathing-tub, and ran through the streets of Athens shouting that word. And how can we describe the joyous ecstasy which filled the soul of that "glorious old heathen," more than full then? It would seem that his whole nature was clapping its hands, and laughing its sublime rapture right out. And had the glory of the third heaven burst through the skies upon him, his soul could not have been happier.

And you know how the heaven-inspired Newton was overwhelmed in the same "sea of glass," when he had caught that long-sought glimpse of the harmony of the universe. The celebration which then took place in his soul over a triumph, in the accomplishment of which he had put all the deity within him to the severest test imaginable, was too jubilant for the already untwined nerves of his physical frame, and he sank down as if overpowered by "the eternal weight of glory." And, indeed, lest the temple of his genius should be rent by the voices of triumph and transport that filled it, as the vision of divine harmony passed over him, he begged another to come up, and list to the music of the spheres, while he sought repose from his too-violent rapture in solitude.

The joy which was experienced by Columbus when the glorious hills of the new world for the first time burst upon his ocean-wearied eyes must have been somewhat of the same sort. Beholding, as he did, the object of his highest ambition so triumphantly attained,

"Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,"

and with the purest and most genial skies he had ever been under smiling down upon him, as if to thank him for what he had done, how could he have refrained from prostrating himself upon the green soil he had hazarded his all to find, and from kissing it, as he did with insane delight!

In the same way are the unseen forces within us ever grappling with fierce antagonists, and amid the thunder-clouds of angry battle, smiling out bright triumphs, or singing pæans of victory in the full, victorious jubilee of the soul. And even in respect to that more glorious fruition which crowns the triumph of heroic genius, we are not without some fine and lively hints. Every mind is manly sometimes. There are living coals of heroism down in the soul, slumbering warm, even under the ashes of our dreams. Often they glow, and even blaze, shooting rays of witch-lightning all through the spirit. That bright hour—you know it well—when the pulses of your soul leaped with livelier blood, and when, as if realizing the splendid vision of Horace, in the rapture of some victory, "*sublimi feriam sidera vertice*," you struck the very stars with your lofty head! Look back over the track of your history, and you shall find days, here and there, that were like eagles—days when your very feet seemed shod with fire, and when, heroically leaping up toward some high aim, you seized upon it, while, perhaps all unknown to

your outer self there was an Archimedes crying through the sapphire streets of your spirit, "*Eureka! Eureka!*" Yes, you know this pleasure well. You felt it when, in your early boyhood, you whittled out those little victories around which you laughed and sung with such hearty glee. You felt it when, older by a few years, after a long and desperate struggle with the powers of darkness that lay in ambush around some difficult problem, you at last roused up the Napoleon of your thought, and dashed out the little victory. What a divine joy must have thrilled along the fine nerves of your spiritual senses, when, for the first time in your life, your sky-peering soul thrust its burning eye through the starry Empyrean, and caught the wild glimpse of immortality! Perhaps you have not yet mounted the ramparts of heaven, and seized some of the garment of God, over which to shout heroic triumph; but often you have shaken hands with the omnipotence of manhood, and drawn down the heavens, and kissed them with a ravishment. And surely we were all made for these manly experiences. We are, by nature, too heroic to linger and languish always in valleys. Our eyes are on mountain-tops, where eagles are heard screaming above the clouds. The will is not a sentiment, but a soldier. It pants for foes to battle with, and has them. And when the issue is at hand, it knows not how to parley or to make truce, but bravely faces the enemy, aims, fires, thunders, and then waves the bright palm of victory, shouts over it, and celebrates it. Understand me; I speak of the true soul. That is no soul which lacks this will. It drivels and dreams too much. It goes limping behind in the tracks of genius, as he marches onward

"Through tempests dropping fire,"

and pocketing his victories, lazily lisps a note of triumph, which, baby-like, it has only learned how to mimic. Such a soul has no spirit in it. It never feels the birth of an original thought. It is cowardly, sneaking, sniveling; nay,

"The most unprofitable sign of nothing."

The true soul is a living triumph of itself. *Excelsior* and *eureka* are ever on its tongue. It is ever seeking

"Regions of being grander, freer, higher,
Where God reveals his presence and his power,
E'en as of old, in thunders and in fire."

And so strong and noble is it, that

"Virtue neglected long and trampled down,
Grows stronger in the echo of its name."

Let us appreciate well this high and noble happiness, and learn to cultivate and foster that heroism of soul from which it springs, and our paths shall, indeed, in the strong and full language of inspiration, "grow brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day." Let us remember, too, the truth taught us by the bard in the words:

"Blest is his life who to himself is true,
And blest his death; for Memory, when he dies,
Comes, with a lover's eloquence, to renew
Our faith in manhood's upward tendencies."

PERVERSIONS OF MIND.

To one who reflects on the nature and capacity of the human mind, there is something inconceivably awful in its perversions. Look at it as it comes, fresh and plastic, from its Maker; look at it as it returns, stained and hardened, to its Maker. Conceive of a mind, a living soul, with the germs of faculties which infinity can not exhaust, as it first beams upon you in its glad morning of existence; quivering with life and joy; exulting in the bounding sense of its developing energies; beautiful, and brave, and generous, and joyous, and free—the clear, pure spirit bathed in the auroral light of its unconscious immortality: and then follow it, in its dark passage through life, as it stifles and kills, one by one, every inspiration and aspiration of its being, till it becomes but a dead soul entombed in a living frame. It may be that a selfish frivolity has sunk it into contented worldliness, or given it the vapid air of complacent imbecility. It may be that it is marred and disfigured by the hoof-prints of appetite, its humanity extinguished in the mad tyranny of animal ferocities. It may be that pride has stamped the scowl of hatred upon its front; that avarice and revenge, set on fire of hell, have blasted and blackened its unselfish affections. The warm sensibility, gushing spontaneously out in world-wide sympathies—the bright and strong intellect, eager for action and thirsting for truth—the rapturous devotion, mounting upward in a pillar of flame to God—all gone, and only remembered as childish enthusiasm, to point the sneer of the shrewd, and the scoff of the brutal! Where, in this hard mass of animated clay, wrinkled by cunning or brutalized by selfishness, are the power and joy prophesied in the aspirations of youth?

"Whither hath fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

Whipple's Lectures.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Great deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

BY CHARLES COLLINS, D. D.

THE elegant remark, that "history is philosophy teaching by example," has become trite by oft-repeated quotation. It is not, however, less true or less instructive. History, therefore, is philosophy, but philosophy in its concrete form—not as it appears in the abstract and concentrated formularies of pure truth, but wedded to the natural verities and realities of life, as they come bursting forth from a thousand spontaneous fountains, and mingle in the stream of human experience. And this, let it be observed, is *natural* philosophy; for in this way only does nature teach. She is not a Pythoness, who, at stated seasons, mounts the sacred tripod to give forth mysterious oracles, and then, for long intervals, is silent. Hers is the voice of Reason, interrogating the events of experience, day by day. She looks into the human heart—into its hidden chambers of thought, feeling, pride, ambition, hope, and fear, and here discovers the elemental forces which give motion to the world. The perpetual conflicts of opposing interests and passions, to-day begetting joy, hope, and exulting pride—to-morrow overwhelming with grief, disappointment, and shame; now inflaming with fury the schemes of mad ambition or the wild speculations of gainful enterprise, and now covering all with the ruins of mortifying defeat; here painting the future with the gildings of beautiful promise, rich in the anticipations of wealth, competence, ease, and domestic felicity, and there dashing out these bright hopes with the blackness of darkness, and hanging all the sky with the drapery of bitter bereavement, poverty, and despair—these are the experiences which furnish the substance of history—the "examples" from which rational philosophy is ever eliminating what is extraneous and worthless, while all that is good is stored away for future instruction and improvement.

No species of this concrete philosophy furnishes lessons of greater interest and value than the biography of eminent Christian men. Indeed, we are not sure but that all of history that is valuable is biographical. Separate *men* from history, and what would be left? The events of physical nature—earthquake, storm, tempest, the changes of the seasons, abundance, and sterility—what are these but mere phenomena, mere *physical events*? Without man history is nothing. History is a development of humanity—a biographical exhibition, therefore, of human character; and is all the more valuable in proportion as it admits us to the true spiritual life of those who, by the force of genius or circumstances—rather, I should say, by the wise orderings of an overruling Providence—have been thrust into conspicuous positions, and, for a brief hour, compelled to act their part in the great drama of life. Deeds of mercy, charity, or benevolence, heroic and warlike exploits, political

and social movements, what are these but so many legitimate sequences of adequate, preëxisting causes, which causes are to be sought after in the psychological nature of man? The first requisite, therefore, to understand history is to understand man, and the more perfectly history reveals to us the secret workings of the heart the more instructive and valuable it is. Human actions are the true exponent of human feelings. By learning what man has *done*, we become acquainted with the powers and forces of the sentient nature which stirs within him. Indeed, the ever-revolving wheel of humanity turns up no event which does not, in some way, connect itself with his sympathies, hopes, and fears.

History is the best teacher of philosophy, because it teaches in a way to rouse the sympathies, and thus more deeply to impress its lessons. The class of minds is small to whom abstract discussion, however logical and acute, is the best mode of conveying instruction. It is not in this way that the mass of mankind learn. Few can take the world's collected wisdom as it is found in books of philosophy, abstracted from its natural relations, and condensed into principles and apothegms, no matter how ponderous and mighty these may be. Their minds are not accustomed to those analytic and synthetic processes which will enable them to see in a general formulary a multitude of practical applications. But every one can successfully study *models* and follow *examples*. Hence, a problem, to most minds, is better than a theorem. They can more successfully solve the particular case, and deduce the law which prevails in it, than they can demonstrate the principle and discover its applications. The rule is but half comprehended till its applications are seen. We love to be introduced to scenes of trial and conflict, to witness the thousand heart-struggles around us, to note the throes and sorrows of the soul when bearing up against the storms of life, and to see how the proud heart or the giant will will mount above or dash aside the overwhelming wave. The furnace and the storm teach perhaps more impressively than the sunshine or the calm. The best and most beautiful lessons of philosophy appear whenever the pure principles of Christianity are seen mingling with and controlling those intellectual and sentient forces within us which constitute human character.

The daily life of the Christian, especially if he be a man of superior mind, is, therefore, a most instructive study. It is not that we expect him to be always wise in his plans, correct in his decisions, successful in his undertakings, heroic in danger, or triumphant in conflict. He may err and fail, at times, in all these like other men. His superior powers and susceptibilities may give superior energy to passion, and thus be the very cause of plunging him into extraordinary temptations and trials. But the mistakes and follies of such a man will be instructive. It is not the man who never

stumbles that teaches us caution. Nor is it the man who is always wise whose example gives the most salutary lessons. Profitable tutors often are the children of folly and misfortune. It is true, we expect more of the Christian than of other men, and with reason. From his life of faith he derives motives to virtuous exertion more solemn, more constant, more exciting, more mighty than others feel.

Who can not see how much the will may be strengthened by a scrupulous adherence to the dictates of conscience? Without this the firmest resolutions are often feeble to withstand the shocks of lust, or the fiery appeals of interest or appetite. Who can not see that a solemn conviction of duty to God may act like fire in the bones, giving ardor to zeal and constancy to labor? So likewise with faith in an overruling Providence. In the darkest hours the Christian enjoys gleams of light. While doubt and despair submerge and sweep away others, he stands firm upon a rock. To his vision the star of hope beams bright and clear, because his confidence in God abides unshaken amidst the storm. Poverty, sickness, and death may come, and cause him to feel, with St. Paul, that no "affliction for the present is joyous, but grievous rather;" but how are the sting, and shame, and sorrow taken away by the consideration that all these things are wisely and mercifully ordered, and that in God's own time they shall yield to him "the peaceable fruits of righteousness!" It is easy to see that the sublime faith of the Gospel may change the timid man into a hero, and hold the weak, the vacillating, or the reckless steady amid the dashing waves of tumultuous and conflicting temptation.

It is one of Coleridge's noble positions in his "Aids to Reflection," that "the Christian faith is the perfection of human intelligence." Worldly indifference and infidelity, we are aware, place a different estimate upon it; but neither of these can be expected to show much favor to a system of truth which utters against both its terrific maledictions. As witnesses, they are incompetent to testify: first, on the ground of prejudice; and secondly, because of viewing the subject from too great a distance. But such is the verdict of the purest and greatest minds. Such also is the judgment of the highest and purest reason. As no man is truly wise who is not at the same time purely good, so no man can be perfect in goodness—perfect in that relative degree which belongs to mortal attainment—who does not add to his other virtues this Christian faith as his crowning excellence. The good man's progress toward this "perfection of human intelligence" is the most interesting of all studies. We can not travel with him through the journey of a day without being a witness of trials, conflicts, and victories, which have a tendency to make us more deeply acquainted with ourselves, and also to strengthen and brighten the virtues and graces which we already possess.

We have inspired authority for the proverb, that

"evil communications corrupt good manners," or morals. As every maxim of this kind has its proper antitheses, indirectly but necessarily involved in itself, we may affirm, on the other hand, that virtuous communications cultivate and improve both our manners and morals. They cultivate both mind and heart. It is on this principle, perhaps, that the reading of Christian biography is always fruitful of blessed influence. There is no "communication" between mind and mind so intimate as the deep though silent communing which subsists, for the time, between the soul of the reader and him about whom he reads. Under the skillful portraiture of the pen, the dead are made to live. The drama of life's varied scenes is acted over again; and, like an unperceived spirit, we look in upon, not merely the deeds which men enact for the observation of the world, but down into the secret chambers of the heart, and see there the springs of action. All the battles of life are first fought in the soul. It is here that all moral questions are first discussed and settled—here that the antagonisms of truth and error, interest and duty, conscience and worldly lust or ambition, are first brought into play; and the deeds which come afterward in the action of men are but the public proclamation of victory or defeat, and not the victory or defeat itself.

To look thus into the heart of the good man, and witness there the perpetual struggle of truth and goodness—a struggle of which God and his own soul are the only witnesses; to observe there his steady adherence to virtue against the artful machinations of vice—his resistance to the seductive pleadings of sin, while purity, faith, and peace grow stronger by every trial; to sympathize with him when borne down by calamity, and see his trust in God rise triumphant at last; to go with him to the garden of suffering, or even to the bloody cross, and witness those tearful agonies which reveal in his soul the terrible conflict which the powers of darkness are waging, yet to see him come forth from all these sore distresses a victor, sublime in the consciousness of holy triumph—this it is which gives assurance to faith, and makes us feel that Heaven has no attribute that does not warmly sympathize with us in these spiritual conflicts, and which will not secure us the victory at last. As in battle, one brave man makes a hundred others around him brave, so in the Christian warfare the force of noble Christian example is felt by all who witness it. The genial contagion spreads to all around. Our souls swell with kindred courage. We burn with the same ambition for noble deeds. If the path of duty lies through the lion's den or the furnace of fire, we are ready to travel it. Even the spirit of martyrdom which we see in Christian heroes we already, in a measure, feel ourselves.

Thus, in their lives, the good and the great, though long since gathered to their fathers, walk before the children of succeeding generations,

begetting their own likenesses in the men that come after them. They become types or standards of goodness and greatness, after which others measure themselves, and up to which they aspire.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POET.

BY RONALD, OF INDIANA.

I HAVE been in some measure mistreated by the world. My poetry has been neglected, and the versifying of Shelley, Southey, Keats, Scott, and Byron has been read by thousands. My blank verse has lain unpublished on my hands, while the ravings of one John Milton and Pope have had a wide sale. Not only have these *foreigners* been preferred before me, but I have been left in obscurity, and such men as Longfellow, Bryant, Willis, and Dana have had thousands of admirers.

I am determined to be revenged on the undiscerning and undeserving public. I will write my history, and have it printed—perhaps—that young men of genius and merit may be warned, by my example, not to rely upon the public till the public has become enlightened. Let them repress all hope of being appreciated; and if they wish their names handed down to posterity, let them take the advice of John G. Saxe, and—*get married*.

Early in life was the poetic element developed. I was signalized by that carelessness in matters pertaining to real life which ever characterizes real genius. I always forgot to put up the bars, and was rarely ever mindful of shutting the gate. I had a noble, high-souled carelessness of such small matters as blacking my shoes, combing my hair, and washing my face. This trait of character soon called the attention of "friends and neighbors," and it was decided *nem. con.* that I was designed either for a poet—or button-maker.

I had a fondness also for reading poetry. It is a fact—though, perhaps, I ought not to mention it—that before I was ten years old I could absolutely repeat *from memory* the whole of the celebrated epic poem, entitled "The House that Jack built," by only looking once or twice at the handkerchief on which it was printed. By the time I was twelve, I could repeat, *without a single mistake*, the veritable words of Selkirk, beginning,

"I am monarch of all I survey."

It is well known that poets are never good mathematicians; and I may state, in the same connection, that I had great difficulty in mastering the multiplication table, and also that once, just after completing one of my most touching ballads, I was completely puzzled by my matter-of-fact father proposing this question: "If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, what will twelve herrings cost?" Of course, I couldn't cipher it out—what *line* poet could? And I will here say *en passant*, that more than once was my refined and sensitive

nature shaken by such things. Often, when I have been careering along in full poetic sweep, have I been suddenly made "come down" by such commands as these: "Ronald, go dig some potatoes for dinner!" or, "Ronald, it is time to drive up the cows!" *Cows* and *potatoes* to a poet! I should not have mentioned these little matters, only to show that I have been an exceedingly ill-used man, and to give another proof, to the many already given, that genius is the nursling of the storm, and is cradled with misfortune.

Another proof that nature designed me for a poet is this: I was always very fond of being alone in the deep, grand old forest. Some maliciously said that it was to keep out of the hot sun and avoid hard work! On the honor of a poet, no such thing! It was the love of solitude, reflection, meditation, and wild plums that made me wander in the lonely woods for hours, only coming home at meal-times.

But the time came. I had several times astonished the family by impromptu couplets and quatrains. These were only an earnest of what was to come. I well remember, and ever shall, while Memory holds her seat, the excitement I caused one morning by a happy and successful—I may say, *eminently successful*—parody of the well-known lines:

"An Indian came from Chickasaw,
The biggest fool I ever saw;
He tied his blanket round his throat,
And wore his jacket o'er his coat."

I will not give the parody; for I am determined the public shall not surreptitiously obtain the poetry it never would buy. This resolution I "have set" understandingly, and purposing to carry it out, I am not to be moved from my purpose by threats nor cajoled by flattery.

But I have said—and, being a poet, I am competent to form an opinion, and think my motives entirely disinterested—I have said the effort was successful. Now, what reception did it meet? Applauded, and my genius encouraged as it should have been by the present of a cake of maple sugar? Not a word of it; but I was threatened, absolutely threatened, *with corporeal punishment if I wrote any more such!* Think of that! I repeat, I am an exceedingly ill-used man!

But genius is not easily subdued. I was to produce a poem. The *occasion* soon occurred which gave the inspiration. A young man attempted to gallant to her home a young lady from the singing-school. He received the mitten. This called up my powers, and I wrote a description of the affair, with a gray goose quill and blue ink. The only thing in the execution which was unseemly was the fact that it was written on *fool's-cap*. This was written in that extremely rare and difficult measure called "common meter"—for the information of young aspirants I will say, (as, being out of the trade, I may divulge its secrets without fear of personal loss,) that in Griswold's "Poets of America"

they may find some specimens of very common poetry and common meter—and consisted of only twelve four-line stanzas. Several copies were written off and circulated. I had worked up the climax into a real Ossianic tempest, and, to make it more impressive, had given one or two *extra feet* to several lines. It was my mature opinion, that, in point of pathos, daring, and improbability, it almost equaled Reid's *Gulzarr*. And now what reception do you suppose it met? Hear and wonder at the ingratitude of human nature. As some recompense to the unfortunate youth who had been jilted, I had wedded his name to immortal verse, and what return did he make? Offer me a present of a pair of new corduroys? No; he was so unmindful of the honor I had conferred upon him, that he threatened me with a cowhiding!

My next article produced a still greater sensation. It was a tragic piece, and entitled, "The shaking of Mrs. Smith's fist under Mr. Jacobs's nose, and the sensations of Mr. Jacobs thereat." This nearly had the effect of setting Mr. Jacobs's fist to work, I won't say at the expense of whose nose.

But a brighter day dawned upon me. The "old folks at home" came to the conclusion either that I had some genius, or that I was of *no account on the farm*, and I was sent to——Academy. Here I became in some measure appreciated, and soon numerous albums bore record of my poetic proclivity. This arrested the attention of the enterprising editor of——Sentinel, and he invited me to fill a corner in his paper with my effusions. I will not attempt to describe my emotions. At last I was to be an author! Hitherto, like the works of Thucydides and Cicero, mine had been circulated only by the pen, by the slow and laborious process of transcribing, which, while it did well enough for Cicero, Caesar, and the rest, was too slow and limited for me! Here was a veritable newspaper, at least twelve inches by sixteen in size, and sent out to at least three hundred bonafide subscribers, open to me! Inspiring thought! Greatness was already mine! The crown of bay I already saw in prospect as my own.

I wrote; the editor published. The piece was applauded by my friends; and yet I wondered at one thing, that while the poetry was of a tragic character, having a murder and one or two suicides in it, when persons read it, instead of bursting into tears and seeming overcome by the sentiment, they laughed heartily, and appeared really amused.

I once became almost discouraged, and should, perhaps, have discontinued my efforts to climb the heights of Parnassus, had I not found one of my productions copied into an eastern newspaper at that time having the widest circulation of any periodical in the United States, and copied, too, with this editorial notice: "*LATEST GEM*.—We know not who is the author of this exquisite production. But he can not remain unknown. The seed in the ground may resist the sunbeam if such genius

can remain hid." Then came the poetry. And I assure you it *was* poetry. None of your common ware. I will, by way of showing the public how much it has lost by neglecting my poetry, give the last stanza, to which the editor aforesaid directed special attention:

"Farewell, dear girl, farewell!
I ne'er shall love another;
In peace and comfort may you dwell,
And I'll go home to mother."

But I must say that I have long since given up poetry. I have sacked the Muses. I have several reasons.

The first one I have alluded to. I have been badly used by the public. There are some who say that *REAL* genius is always patronized liberally. Not so—not a word of truth in it. *I know better*. HAVE I BEEN PATRONIZED? That's the question. I am not apprised that, apart from the single instance alluded to, a solitary poetic production from my pen was ever copied abroad. And another matter. When Mr. Griswold made his selections of the "Poets of America," he never inserted any thing from me! That is an omission for which Mr. Griswold must answer to posterity! My hands are clear of it. And that he may stand in his true position before the world, I hereby declare, that it is *not true* that I procured an injunction from the Supreme Court of the United States barring him from all right to select any of my articles for publication in his book. Will Mr. Griswold explain? Will he tell also if it is true that Longfellow, Bryant, and Halleck waited on him personally, and begged him, for the sake of their reputation, not to insert my poem—blank verse, sixteen cantos—on the Reformation?

I have other reasons for believing that there has been a conspiracy against me in *certain circles*. I have never been called on by the publisher of a single monthly in England or America to become a regular contributor to his poetical department! Is not that proof of a conspiracy among the would-be poets on both sides of the Atlantic to keep me down? Will the people suffer such things? Can they do it?

Hence, I have retired to the shades of humble life. I have demonstrated that poetry is a very uncertain business.

All who have read this history of sorrow will admit that I deserved success. I have not found it.

I will now close this o'er true tale with some practical advice *gratis*.

Let young people beware of poetry. *It won't pay*—nine times out of ten, it won't. If mine has been laughed at, what can you expect for *yours*? Avoid it, then, O ye verse-makers! I have pleaded with you by your own good, and now I will say—and, being an ex-poet, I am competent to utter an opinion—I will say, that some who have written for the Repository *ought to quit*; for instance—but if I go any farther the *Doctor's shears* will click.

I HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING.

—
BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.
—

I HEAR the angels singing—O dearest mother, list!
The music how entrancing! the seraph-hymnings
come,
And light refulgent breaketh, dispelling all the mist
That o'er thy child hath hover'd with a sad and
chilling gloom.
O, beautiful with promise was life's unfolding
flowers;
But let them droop and wither beside the early
dead;
I go to gather blossoms from the ever-blooming
bowers,
And the odor of their fragrance steals around
my dying bed.
I hear the angels singing, and my heart's young
hopes no more
Are in this world, so changeable with joy and
sadd'ning care;
They're calling, sweetly calling, from the bright,
enchanting shore,
And my Savior's arms are open—I will soon be
with them there.
O, mourn me not, sweet mother! joy that in early
years
Thy pure and gentle teachings bade my young
worship rise
To the throne of the Eternal; then dry thy widow'd
tears,
And smile to think thy lov'd ones will await thee
in the skies.
I hear the angels singing; hasten on, immortal dawn!
For my weary spirit fluttereth, and the hours
seemeth slow;
It panteth for the freedom of the ever-blessed morn,
And the white-winged angels waiteth—weeping
mother, let me go.
But in thy mournful watchings, when evening shad-
ows creep
Around thy lonely dwelling, with no fond voice
to cheer,
I'll come with spirit-music, and thy sorrows lull to
sleep,
And in thy blissful visions thou wilt know thy
child is near.
I hear the angels singing; safely from thy loving
breast
Yield thy darling to the Savior, who hath come
to be her guide
Through death's valley: I now sweetly on his faith-
ful bosom rest;
Ye throng of seraph harpers, heaven's portals
open wide.
Thus in the lovely spring-time of life's bright, joy-
ous day,
When April's dew-drops glisten'd on the cheek
of balmy even,

Like the beauteous star of morning that fades in
light away,
So gently from earth's twilight her spirit pass'd
to heaven.
Let me but hear the angels when comes my latest
hour,
My weary head be pillow'd on the arm of sov-
ereign love,
And the Christian's faith to triumph o'er death's
dark, kingly power—
O glorious hope thus joyfully to wing my flight
above!

SABBATH THOUGHTS.

—
BY PHOEBE CARY.
—

I AM sitting all the while
Looking down the solemn aisle,
Toward the saints and martyrs old
Standing in their niches cold—
Toward the wings of cherubs fair,
Vailing half their golden hair,
And the painted light that falls
Through the window on the walls.
I can see the revered flow
Of soft garments, white as snow,
And the shade of silver hair
Dropping on the book of prayer.
I can hear the litany,
"Miserable sinners, we,"
And the organ swelling higher,
And the chanting of the choir.
And I marvel if with them,
In the New Jerusalem,
I shall hear the sacred choir
Chant with flaming tongues of fire;
If I e'er shall find a place
With the ransomed, saved by grace;
If my feet shall ever tread
Where the just are perfected?
Not, my soul, as now thou art;
Not with this rebellious heart;
Not with nature unsubdued,
Evil overshadowing good;
Not while I for pardon seek
With a faith so faint and weak;
Not while tempted thus to sin,
From without and from within!
Thou whom love did once compel
Down from heaven to sleep in hell;*
Thou whose mercy purged from dross
Even the thief upon the cross,
Save me, O thou bleeding Lamb,
Chief of sinners though I am,
When, with clouds about thee furled,
Thou shalt come to judge the world!

* In *hades*, or the grave.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY J. O. HASWELL.

"Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all;
For God toward thee hath done his part, do thine."
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, BOOK IX.

"Certainly the minds of women are capable of the same improvement and the same furniture as those of men; and it is of importance that when they have leisure they should have the same resource in reading, and the same power of instructing the world by writing, that men have; and that if they be mothers, they be capable of assisting in the instruction of their children, to which they have generally more opportunity to attend than the fathers."—PRIESTLEY'S OPINION.

It is a work of supererogation to attempt to prove the equality of the sexes in regard to mind. There are in all parts of the world a bright galaxy of names in the republic of letters, ever shining forth as proofs of the ability of females; and they stand out as beacon-lights to all who would emulate their virtues, and take upon themselves their mantle of fame. A review of Scripture history will present to our minds women adapted to all the wants of the age in which they lived, and eminent for all the virtues which are so useful and so beautiful in womankind.

Greece had her "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho;" Rome her Cornelias; and the other countries of Europe, both ancient and modern, many who have done honor to literature, to their sex, and to the world. To date far back in the history of England, we may notice that "Lady Bacon, Lady Burleigh, Lady Russell, Lady Killgrew, Mrs. Roper, Lady Jane Gray, Queen Elizabeth, and many others of the same age, were versed in Latin and Greek, as well as other branches of knowledge." Southey says, "Henry VIII was the magnificent patron of literature and the arts; and it is to the example which he set of giving his daughters, as well as his sons, a learned education, that England is indebted for the women and the men of the Elizabethan age." These are bright examples of what educated women and mothers can do in the progress of society. The Elizabethan age is regarded as the Augustan age of English literature, in which we find the great names of Hooker, Bacon, Spenser, and Shakspeare.

France has produced her examples of illustrious women. Napoleon, who feared not the armies of combined Europe, quailed before the genius of Madame de Stael. Madame de Genlis superintended the education of Louis Philippe; and while she was pursuing the office of instructor to kings, others of her sex, in her own country and in the different states of the continent, were recommending religion and morals to the people, in opposition to that flood of infidelity which was yet desolating the land.

As early as the Elizabethan age did the mothers of England instill into the minds of their sons the

love of learning and of liberty. They taught, fostered, and cherished the progenitors of those men who shone conspicuous in the cabinet and in the field in the glorious days of Cromwell and the Commonwealth—who acted and fought like men in the revolution of 1688, in the reforms of later times, and in all those periods of trial which called forth the virtues, the abilities, and the energies of superior men. To these mothers are we indebted for much of the civil and religious liberty which we now enjoy; for from them descended the mothers and fathers of American independence.

Our own country, though just entering the arena of literary conflict, has produced many female authors, who have wielded, and still continue to wield, a powerful influence over the morals and general improvement of this country. The women of the Revolution, though deprived of many of the aids which surround the women of the present day, were bright examples of female energy and perseverance. They not only learned much themselves, but they encouraged learning, and fostered the true spirit of liberty and republicanism. Their stern spirit of democracy and equality may be illustrated by the witticism of Mrs. Bache, the only daughter of Benjamin Franklin. "Having learned that the English lady to whom some of her daughters were sent to school, had placed the pupils connected with persons in public life—her children among the number—at the upper end of the table, upon the ground that the young ladies of rank should sit together, Mrs. Bache sent her word that in this country there was no rank but rank muton." Mrs. Adams, of Revolutionary memory, often gave strength even to the buoyant courage of her husband, who had ventured life, fortune, and honors in the cause of independence. She was, with her husband and her children, all scions of a noble stock. Her education, which, she says, had been defective, owing to the times in which she lived, was strengthened by that self-teaching, practical life which she led, assisted by the intellectual and improving society which her connections and her station in life commanded. Every young lady in the land would improve her head and heart by reading her letters.

Female excellence, female ability, and willingness to do good have been increasing, and now form one of the prominent traits in the character of the active women of America. But the number of active women, efficient from their education, must be greatly increased before any very great results can be produced upon the great mass of female mind. Encouragement, stimulus is needed. A beautiful field of flowers must be presented to the view, and incentives offered to cull every thing elegant and useful—every thing that can gratify the taste, elevate the mind, and give power to the individual to benefit her race. Most of the female writers of this country have chosen the department of belles-lettres, and have expressed the deep emotions of the heart in the language of poetry. How

touching the history and the writings of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson! How beautiful in their lives! how tender and instructing are their writings to the youthful mind! Then there are the illustrious examples of Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Pierson, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Judson, together with many others of well-earned fame. And we of the west have Mrs. Welby, Miss S. J. Clarke—or Grace Greenwood—Miss Cox, Miss Beecher, and others which we can not enumerate here, bold and striking landmarks to guide the young female to fame and usefulness—bright stars to make the eye kindle with enthusiasm in beholding the triumphs of her sex.

The example of one practical, educated woman may be worth scores of essays to all who are within the sphere of her influence; but then there must be agitation before reform, and practical essays may do something to effect the object. Women, as well as men, are accountable beings—accountable, too, for that measure of intellect which God has given them; the talent given must be improved; the sphere assigned them is not so large as that of men, but it is equally important. If mothers were better educated, the elementary part of the education of their children would be better, and the teacher who should follow in the more abstruse branches of learning would have comparatively an easy task. In volume ii, page 184, of Lord Brougham's *Speeches*, we have the following words, which, says a distinguished individual, ought to be impressed on the mind of every human being who incurs the awful responsibility of forming the first stages of life: "During the period between the ages of eighteen months or two years and six—I will even say and five—he learns much more of the material world, of his own powers, of the nature of other bodies, even of his mind and of other minds, than he ever after acquires during all the years of boyhood, youth, and manhood. Every child, of even the most ordinary capacity, learns more, gains a greater mass of knowledge, and of a more useful kind, at this tender age, than the greatest philosopher is enabled to build upon it during the longest years of age, even were he to live to eighty years of age, and pursue the splendid career of a Newton or Laplace."

The responsibilities of women are not inferior to those of men. It is the mind that makes the man; but it is woman who forms the mind. She has also a great influence in promoting the health of the body; hence the necessity of her being well acquainted with the too much-neglected science of physiology. She would then be better qualified to adjust the amount of food, exercise, and dress, and to maintain an intelligent control over the growing powers of the human being intrusted to her charge. The passion for light, airy dress and thin shoes—as well as for light, airy literature and thin belles-lettres—entirely unsuited to our republican climate, is destroying its thousands every year in this country. When will American ladies have the inde-

pendence to adopt national fashions, and to reject the flimsy, cast-off fashions of ever-changing France? One remark from N. P. Willis may suffice on this subject: "We landed at the *Tanar*. Bow-windows crowded with fair faces, in enormous pink turbans, naked shoulders—which I am already so orientalized as to think very indecent—puffed curls, and pinched waists, reminded us at every step that we were in a Christian quarter of Constantinople."

The state takes some interest in the education of her sons. Then there is the donations of individuals in the establishment and endowment of colleges—all given for the honor and support of her sons in mature life. But her daughters are almost, if not entirely, left to the tender mercies of their parents and guardians, to the false taste of general society, and to the general apathy of public feeling on that subject. We are aware that in New England, and in some of the cities and large towns of other parts of the Union, there are seminaries and places of public instruction for females, which speak well for the public spirit of these communities. But while the means of instruction for sons has been constantly increasing, that for daughters has been constantly fluctuating, for the want of public spirit and legislative interference. The Spartans attended as well to the physical education of their daughters as to that of their sons; and they thought, and with good reason, that it was all-important. And we ought, as a nation, surrounded as we are by all the enlightening influences of the nineteenth century, to educate the daughters of the land, morally, mentally, and physically, to the highest point of which our means and their situation and capacities will admit. Some young ladies spend as much time and money in acquiring a little tinsel as some young men do in taking a thorough course of classical studies. This is not, however, so much their fault as it is the fault of the public taste. For it is a truism, that whatever is set before an individual or a society as a standard of excellence, will be attained, in some degree, by many who will enter the lists as competitors for the prize. If the standard is low, more will enter the lists, and a greater amount of mischief be done. If high, a less number may attempt it, but a greater amount of excellence and usefulness will be attained and diffused.

Women ought to be something more than mere cooks and nurses; and if they maintain the true dignity of the female character, they will be something more than mere useless ornaments. There is a happy medium. Many are educated as if they were determined to thwart the designs of Providence, and always obtain and retain situations of wealth and ease; forgetting that the best calculations may be overturned, and that their want of qualification to support with dignity a change in situation may become one of the great annoyances of their lives. If we dislike a state of dependence, let us qualify ourselves to be somewhat independent under all circumstances. It ought to be fully impressed upon the minds of all, that *knowledge*

has a permanent value—a value which reaches beyond the grave. How impressive the language of Sir Sydney Smith upon this subject: "One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained. But women—such is their unfortunate style of education—hazard every thing upon one cast of a die; when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing: either the eye must be charmed or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection."

Most females, especially in our towns and villages, have a few years, in the early part of life, to devote to the rudiments of a fashionable education. Music, drawing, painting, embroidery, flowers, fruit, filigrave—all good enough in themselves—have taken up all the best hours of youth, and a distaste is generated for any thing useful in learning. The sciences, classic lore, and much that is necessary in domestic economy, must give way to the raging desire to show off or *come out*. This happens generally between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, when they quit school, with very little of elementary learning, and with still less of regular, improving reading. For how is it possible for a young lady to be any thing like a scholar at the early age of sixteen, about the age at which our boys have the necessary rudiments for entering college? At this age—such is the custom of society—the young female begins to have some faint shadowing forth of domestic duties, or, at least, of a change of her relations, in expectancy. Then it is often the case that all dreams of fame, learning, and extended usefulness are dissipated. Once out, they are like many of our professional men, who are fortified by their diplomas, but who forever after eschew study. Then comes stronger desires for novels, poppy-field magazines, love stories, heroes and heroines, beautiful knights on fine prancing steeds, princes and princesses—of course, all ready to marry *homespun republicans*—all ideal, sentimental dream-land is fully explored. Thus life is taken up, till some Quixotic knight strikes her confused fancy; they unite their destinies, and in a short time she wakes up, like one of the seven sleepers, to the realities of life; and instead of being waited upon by fairies and living in battlemented castles, she lives in a

rustic cottage, often without the attendance of her lord, waits upon herself and her knight to boot, loses her romance, and sinks oftentimes below the common level of human beings. This is too frequently the end of mere novel readers, showing conclusively that degradation can be attained by uselessness and inefficiency, as well as by servitude and its consequent, inferiority.

The mothers of America should be qualified to teach their children useful lessons in almost every department of knowledge. In addition to the sciences, poetry and drawing—especially from nature—and also, at least, vocal music, should be taught them, that all the heart's finer feelings may be full of the milk of human kindness. The Bible is full of the richest gems of thought—full of the richest imagery and beauty; and in the spring-time of life indelible impressions should be made from the pages of the Bible upon the mind and heart. These would tell in after life upon all the relations of son, husband, father, citizen, and heir of immortality. Mothers should inspire their children with the love of music, that their souls may be filled with harmony and beauty. History, with all its boundless depths of wisdom, should be taught, that the youth may be incited to emulate the virtues of the sages of antiquity and the great men of modern times. Let the American mother do these things, then shall she be able to present her offspring to the state with the noble bearing of Cornelia, the splendid Roman matron, and mother of the Gracchi: "*Hæc ornamenta mea sunt*," [these are my jewels;] take them, and may my country prosper in their counsels!"

WHAT I LOVE.

BY MRS. S. L. FANCOAST.

I love the first pale flowers of spring
Which send abroad their sweet perfume;
They bloom to deck the lowly beds
Of loved ones sleeping in the tomb.

I love the first pale flowers of spring
Which open o'er my father's breast—
Sweet emblems of his transient hours,
Companions of the grave's lone guest.

I love the early summer flowers;
But more than all the sweet white rose
Which long has bloomed o'er Annie's head,
And marked the place of her repose.

I love the willow's drooping boughs,
Which to the gentle breeze will wave;
Through them the kindly dew-drops pass
To moisten o'er a brother's grave.

I have a beauteous casket rare,
Hid ever from the stranger's eye,
In which the first pale flowers of spring
And early rosebuds withered lie.

THE MOURNER BLESSED.

BY REV. THOMAS S. BROWN.

"Long years ago there fell a fearful shadow upon my way;
A heavy cloud veiled from my drooping spirit the light of day;
I walked alone a sad and restless mourner amid earth's bloom,
With a crush'd, bleeding heart, all vainly yearning for the
quiet tomb."

THESE words I found in the Scrap-Book of Marie B. Hall, the wife of the Rev. George Kerr, of the New York conference. She had marked them with her own hand. On the one side she had appropriated them to herself by the single word "Mine." On the other side she had pointed out the "heavy cloud which had veiled from her drooping spirit the light of day" by the words, "Mother, dear mother." To her these words were most appropriate. Those who knew her will not wonder that she carried in her bosom "a crushed and bleeding heart, all vainly yearning for the quiet tomb." From earliest childhood she had lived in the presence of the angel of death. With startling frequency had his knock been heard at the door of her much-loved home. She was the youngest of ten children, and eight of them had preceded her to the narrow house. And she, too, now sleeps with her kindred dust in that quiet graveyard, in the old orchard close by the old home. She was born in the town of Canaan, October 25, 1826. Her parents were members of the Congregational Church. When seven years of age she was deprived of a father's care. Her mother was a woman of superior mental endowments and moral principle. It might be said of her that she had been tried in the furnace of affliction seven times heated. When I first knew her she had buried a husband and seven children, while three yet remained. Soon again Death beat with hasty tread the well-worn threshold, and another was carried to her rest. Marie was now her only daughter. Faithfully did she strive to protect the fragile flower now left blooming alone on the parent stem. She gazed upon her as one will often gaze upon a lovely vision, fearing that each moment it will pass away. But she was spared the heavier stroke of seeing her too droop and die, like a flower which appeareth for a little while, and then passeth away. She died in March, 1847, and Marie was left alone. The oak had fallen, and the tendrils which had encircled so closely its aged form were rudely torn asunder. This was the "tenth wave" of affliction. It rolled darkly, fearfully over her. When it had passed, she was like the bruised flower beaten down to the earth by the storm. The hills which surrounded her quiet home, which had so often echoed her merry laugh, and had so often been the silent listeners to her twilight song, were now sad and dreary.

She soon left the scenes of such heart-rending associations and saddening memories to spend a little time with dear friends. But while enjoying and appreciating the delicate efforts put forth to

comfort her broken heart, she yet looked back with bitter agony to the place of her sorrows. In a letter to a female friend she gave utterance to her feelings: "I am left alone with memory. It has been a sad and gloomy day to me—not one ray of sunshine to gladden my weary heart. I wished myself far, far away from kind, familiar faces, from my old home, from all that could remind me of the past; but vain wish! for 'I am bound by the iron ring of fate.' I must toil on—and O, what will the end be!" She had not yet learned to look away from earth in the hour of affliction. Again to the same friend she unbosoms her heart. Speaking of Canaan: "It was once my happy home. My all was there. My own dear, dear mother! But now all is enshrouded in gloom. I have neither father nor mother—no one now to guide me in the cold world. O, am I not all alone!" Swallowed up in the sea of saddening thoughts, without a kindred breast on which to repose her head, separated from that mother of whom she often spoke as a part of her own being, the horizon of life closed around her dark and gloomy. Hope itself dare not raise the least expectation, so often had the opening bud of happiness been blasted by the chilliness of the grave.

But the bruised reed driven to the ground will again lift its head. The direst storm that ever fills the heavens with its blackness and desolates the earth with its ravages passes by, leaving the glorious sunlight. Thus mercifully do affliction's storms pass by. The fresh-dug earth which seems to rest so heavily upon the bosom of the dead, soon appears to memory's eye as the green covering beneath which they enjoy a sweet and undisturbed repose. The painful incidents cease to be remembered, and the retrospect, changed by the mellow light of distance, excites a pleasant sadness rather than intense suffering. So, too, did the deep despondency of her mind give place to happier thoughts. Within a year from her mother's death a kind providence gave her a home in the family of Rev. William Brush, of the Dutch Reformed Church, in Ulster county, N. Y. Her pecuniary circumstances being quite comfortable, it was with the hope of finding relief that she accepted the invitation to reside in this family as an instructor. For this situation she was most admirably qualified. In the discharge of its duties she won the ardent affection of her pupils and the family.

In this place she found relief—not only that which springs from the discharge of every-day duty, but that which springs from the God of all comfort. She saw the loveliness of religion pervading the family circle, and through divine grace she was led to embrace that Savior who died for man. What a change this wrought!—not an external change, since all her life to the eye of man had been unblamable. She was now able to look away from this dark, troublous sea of life, on which her little bark had been so rudely tossed, to the haven

of rest, where there is no more storm. The deep, impending gloom which hung so heavily upon her heart was penetrated by the rays of the Sun of righteousness. The thick black clouds which shut in her life's horizon now broke away, and the bow of promise spanned the blue arch above. That feeling of loneliness and desolation was gone. If she stood alone, struggling and contending with the trials of life, there was One above who had said, "I will never leave nor forsake thee." She had now cast anchor in the promises of God, and henceforth her life was hid with Christ in God. How changed her view of the way by which God had led her! Once she felt that she was "bound by the iron ring of fate" to a destiny of suffering; but now she could say, "I feel thankful often that the sun has not always shone upon me; for had it, I am sure I should never have looked beyond this world." Not that she now felt less her peculiar afflictions; but she saw what before she failed to see—a Father's hand guided by infinite wisdom and love. To such there is a preciousness in the Savior and a consolation in the Gospel of which those untutored in affliction's school have no just conception. To one so early cast upon the world without father or mother, how precious the words of inspiration, "When father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up!" At peace with God, and believing in his benevolent intentions toward herself in all his mysterious dispensations, she could look upon the past more calmly, and upon the future more hopefully.

In this the place of her spiritual birth she passed nearly two years, ripening and preparing, under Christian influence and in the use of Christian ordinances, for that home of the blessed which she herself never supposed to be far distant. She remembered the early graves of her kindred; and the thought was not unpleasant to her that she should soon sleep beside beloved dust.

Upon leaving this family, she returned to her old home, where her acquaintance with Mr. Kerr began. That acquaintance ripened into affection, and she became his wife in September, 1850. Few have more rejoiced in the consummation of this relation than she. To the ever-abiding consciousness of a heavenly Protector was added the reality of an earthly friend, who could sympathize in her sorrows, participate in her joys, and guide her trusting footsteps along the rugged path of life. She stood at the bridal altar a lovely bride, rejoicing to commit her earthly destiny into the hands of one in whom she had implicit confidence. In this new relation her happiness was not short-lived and transient, but it flowed broad and deep, like a river. To a friend she wrote, "I am very happy; my heavenly Father is, indeed, leading me through pleasant places." But, alas for him who watched over her so tenderly! the flower began to show many indications of the worm at its root. In about one year from her marriage she began to fail. No one was more conscious of the fact than

herself, and to no one did it give less pain. She had foreseen the evil and was prepared. Surely Death approached to bear off his victim. In vain every effort to stay his coming. Dimly and more dimly burned the lamp of life, till it ceased to burn. Gently, sweetly she fell asleep in Jesus.

"Behold the bed of death,
The pale and lovely clay!
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Mark'd ye the eye's last ray?
No; life so sweetly ceased to be,
It laps'd in immortality."

Thus passed away from earth, cut down like untimely fruit, one whose memory will long be cherished by those who knew her. Her grave is with her kindred, and her spirit rejoices in that better world which sorrow never invades. If, however, she has passed away like a vision of the night when one awaketh, we may yet muse upon the loveliness we could appreciate but could not retain. The subject of this sketch was favored by God with a form of exquisite beauty and a personal appearance most engaging. She possessed—to use the language of another—that inexpressible look of delicacy and tenderness about the eye, that touching sweetness of the voice, that languid gracefulness of the limbs, which marks those on whom the seal of heaven is set. Nor were her personal attractions associated with any apparent consciousness of their superiority, or any of those airs which reveal the lack of all but external beauty.

In social intercourse she was easy and familiar, most especially with cherished friends in the quiet of her home. She was never rude, but always cheerful and pleasant, ever greeting a friend with a genial, loveliest smile. Even after that dark cloud rested upon her spirit she did not obtrude her griefs upon the notice of the casual observer. There was about her a quietness and gentleness that could not fail to attract, while these traits were associated with a certain dignity of person which repelled the least undue familiarity.

But the casket was not fairer than the jewel. She early exhibited a taste for study and a desire for improvement. Her moments of leisure were not occupied in perusing the light reading of the age, but in drinking at purer and more wholesome fountains. She communed with the standard writers of the English language, both in prose and poetry. With these she was quite familiar, and could refer to them with freedom and correct taste. In taste she particularly excelled. As her person was ever an exhibition of good taste, so all her mental operations were alike characterized by the same quality. While life lasted she desired to improve and cultivate her mind, regarding as proper motives both the pleasure it affords and the greater influence of which it renders one capable. She was a devoted lover and a successful cultivator of music. With her mental endowments and varied accomplishments she possessed a heart full of warm, noble, and generous feeling. Hers

was not that cold, formal salutation which congeals the flowing current of friendship. The firm, hearty grasp of the hand; the beaming countenance, reflecting the warmth of the heart; and the pleasant smile, welcomed the friend to her door. She had a heart to love. To the demands of friendship she was ever true—to its confidences she was ever faithful. Before she became a Christian she was adorned with all those excellences and virtues which are estimable in the female character. Her natural disposition was much modified by the peculiar trials of her early life. These imparted to her countenance a pleasing sadness, subdued her spirits to a quiet cheerfulness, and gave to her that gentleness of manner more pleasing than the most bewitching gayety. No one placed like her, unless most insensible to obvious truth, could escape the conclusion which she ever entertained, that her sun must go down in early morning. Her whole character was still more modified by the religion of Jesus. This developed its beauties and purged away its imperfections.

As a Christian, Mrs. Kerr was most exemplary in her outward life, and most rich in her soul's experience of the grace of God. In her book of stray thoughts, written during the last year of her life, I find these thoughts: "I feel God's presence morning, noon, and night. Sometimes a dark cloud, big with disappointed hopes, full of pain and death, hovers over me. Then I think of God and all that he has done for me. Jesus sweetly whispers, 'Peace, be still; I am thy salvation.'" At another time she records this prayer: "Quicken my heart, O my Savior, in every good word and deed! I would be ready calmly to welcome thy reaper, Death." During the same year she writes to a friend: "Jesus cares for us. Let us give ourselves up entirely to him. He doeth all things well. What have we to fear with such a friend? Is it not refreshing to belong to Christ's Church on earth, and think that if we are faithful, and win jewels to his crown, a glorious reward awaits us?" Filled with love to Jesus and to the souls of men, she ever did what she could for the salvation of a lost world. She delighted to hold up the hands and encourage the heart of her husband, or to promote the interests of the Church of God. It was her aim and purpose to live for God. To him she consecrated all her powers.

The memory of the silent dead, and her settled conviction that her own life would be short, warned her to do with all her might whatsoever her hands found to do. Her experience led her to reflect much upon the grave, though not with dark forebodings. On the evening of August 28, 1851, she records: "Another day has passed, and now has come my long-loved hour of twilight, the time for calm reflection. For a time my wandering thoughts are with the dead past: a little city of the silent near my childhood's home is deserted, and in those dear old rooms I see the loved ones of years gone by—a mother dear, brothers and sisters in number

nine. Death came and took them one by one. I knew

'It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bount them in his sheaves;'

but sorrow's mildew was on my heart, and every hour, though all nature smiles, brings thoughts of my old home, and the orchard under whose trees nestles the little graveyard. A space is left, and anon, 'if I wait, the grave is mine home.'" Not long was she compelled to wait. She now rests by the side of those dead past with whom her thoughts so often communed.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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(SECOND PAPER.)
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WE have already shown that, beyond all question, Christ was crucified, dead, and buried. Now, if it shall be shown that he was subsequently seen, conversed with, handled, gave and received communications, walked, eat, reproved and instructed, declared himself to be alive, and performed the functions of a living man; and if it shall be shown that the personal witnesses of these facts were competent witnesses, that the number of them was large, that they had opportunity to investigate and know the things whereof they affirmed, that their testimony was given at the time and in the place where the things occurred, and, finally, that it was given under such circumstances as attested, on the part of the witnesses, a full conviction and certainty of the fact; if all these facts shall be shown, then we say, that, according to all the rules of evidence and the established laws of human belief, we must credit the actual resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ from the dead.

To render the question more perspicuous and satisfactory, it may be necessary to mention some of the circumstances connected with the crucifixion, death, and burial of our Lord. When he was led away to be crucified, a great company of his disciples, relatives, and friends followed, bewailing and lamenting him. Some of them stood so near the cross that he could speak to them; others stood afar off. Many of them remained till the mysterious darkness that overwhelmed the land had passed away, and the Lord had given up the ghost. Among those who not only witnessed his crucifixion, but tarried till he was laid in the sepulcher, were "Mary Magdalene and the other Mary;" that is, "Mary," the mother of "James." Several women appear to have agreed to embalm the body of our Lord, and, after leaving the tomb, they "prepared spices and ointments" for that purpose. This being done, they rested on the Sabbath, and came as the day was dawning, on the first day of the week, to execute the design. They appear to have been

ignorant that the Jews had sealed the tomb, and placed a guard over it; and the two Marys and Salome, who were in advance of the other women, were perplexed how they might roll away the stone from the door of the sepulcher. About this time—before the women had reached the sepulcher—an angel descended from heaven, rolled the stone from the sepulcher, and sat upon it. The guard were struck with astonishment, and for a moment were like dead men; but recovering themselves, and finding that the body of Christ was gone, they fled into the city, and reported the fact to the Jews.

As the women approached the tomb, they beheld that the stone was rolled away. This filled them with alarm; and Mary Magdalene, concluding that the body had been taken away, ran back to tell Peter and John. The other Mary and Salome approached the tomb, determined to ascertain whether the body was there; but as they entered the tomb, and saw the angel, but not the body, they were affrighted. The angel sought to calm their fears, told them the Lord had risen, and bade them behold the place where they laid him, and then go and tell his disciples. But the women went out quickly from the sepulcher, and fled trembling with affright, saying not a word, but hasting to report what they had seen to the eleven apostles. They had hardly gone when Peter and John came, running in advance of Mary Magdalene, and went into the sepulcher. They found that the body was not there, but saw the grave-clothes lying folded up; and after that they returned to their own home, wondering at what had occurred.

1. *First appearance of Christ.* Mary Magdalene was left alone at the tomb. She had lingered behind to weep, being in much doubt and perplexity as to what had become of the body of Jesus. While weeping, she stooped down and looked again into the sepulcher, if perchance there might have been some mistake about the body having been removed. There she saw two angels, robed in white, one at the head and one at the foot, where the body of Jesus had lain. How touchingly beautiful her reply when they asked her why she wept, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him!" Turning back, she saw Jesus standing by her; but, blinded by her tears, and bewildered by her apprehensions, she did not recognize either his personal appearance nor yet his voice, when he tenderly inquired the cause of her grief; but supposing him to be the gardener who cultivated the garden, and who might have removed the body, she said, "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." What an affecting evidence of the strength and purity of her attachment to her Lord—an attachment which death had no power to dissolve! And how overwhelming her astonishment and delight when she heard the well-known voice uttering, as if surprised at her want of recognition, "Mary!" She could doubt no

more—the voice and the bodily appearance are both recognized, and she, uttering an exclamation of surprise and joy, prostrating herself before him, held him by the feet, and worshiped him. But he bids her make no delay; the time was short; he was about to ascend to his Father and his God; therefore, to haste and tell his disciples. Then she went and told the disciples, as they were mourning and weeping, that she had seen the Lord, and that he had said these things to her; but they believed it not.

All this narrative has an air of simplicity and naturalness, a harmony of parts, a coincidence with collateral circumstances, a correspondence of feeling and action suited to the occasion, the characters, and circumstances, that strongly confirm its truth, and make Mary Magdalene a strong witness for the resurrection of her Lord.

2. *Second appearance of Christ.* The other Mary and Salome appear to have fled away to some retired place, and, perhaps, were so astounded at what they had witnessed that they could not for some time sufficiently recover their self-possession to carry the tidings to the disciples. While in this state their Lord himself met them, calmed their fears, and bade them go boldly and carry the tidings of his resurrection to the apostles, and bid them meet him, as he had appointed, in Galilee. Still the apostles were incredulous.

3. *Third appearance of Christ.* After the two Marys, and Salome, and Peter, and John had departed from the grave, Joanna, and a company of women with her, not knowing the events that had taken place, came bringing spices and ointments to assist in the embalming of the body. Finding the tomb open, they went into it, and discovered that the body had been removed. While they were full of amazement and perplexity, two angels appeared to them, and said, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." When Joanna returned and reported this to the disciples, Peter appears to have gone again in haste to the sepulcher; and it is probably at this time that the risen Savior "was seen of Cephas," according to the declaration of St. Paul. (1 Cor. xv, 5.)

4. *Fourth appearance of Christ.* That same morning, after the women had returned from the sepulcher, two of the disciples—one of them Cleopas or Alpheus, the father of James, and the other probably St. Luke—had left Jerusalem, and were journeying on foot to Emmaus, a village seven or eight miles west of the city. They had probably been up to Jerusalem to attend the Passover, and were now returning home; they were returning with grieved and aching hearts; their Lord, in whom they had trusted, and through whom they had hoped for the redemption of Israel, had been crucified and slain. As they talked over the sad events of the feast a third traveler falls in with them, and joins in their conversation. He expounds to them the prophecies relating to the

Messiah, and shows that the very events they lamented were necessary, and also that Christ must rise again, that the prophets might be fulfilled. All this time they did not recognize him; they saw him, heard his voice, and walked with him, as they would with any other man. But when they reached the village, and were about to sup together, near the close of the day, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave it to them. This significant action opened their eyes, and they were filled with astonishment and wonder to recognize their Lord in the person of their fellow-traveler. But he vanished from their sight. So joyful were they at what they had seen, that they immediately arose and returned to Jerusalem; and when they reached the city, they found the disciples assembled, and were assured by them that the report received from the women concerning the resurrection of Christ before they left in the morning had been confirmed, for they said, he "hath appeared to Simon." Then the two disciples rehearsed what they had witnessed in the way, and also at the village whither they went. Thus the evidences of his resurrection were so multiplying that the disciples, who had at first doubted, were constrained to say, "The Lord is risen, indeed."

5. *Fifth appearance of Christ.* It was now the evening of the day of our Lord's resurrection, and he had already appeared to six witnesses. Ten of the apostles and many disciples were now assembled to talk over the events that had occurred, and especially to consider to what the reports of that day concerning the resurrection of the Lord might grow. For fear of the Jews, they had closed the door. Just then the Savior appears in their midst, and said to them, "Peace be unto you." But the suddenness and the unexpectedness of his appearance filled them with terror and affright. He, however, calmed their fears, bade them look upon him and to feel of him, to behold his hands and his feet, to assure themselves that he was flesh and bones; then also he ate before them; and afterward, still further to confirm their faith, he opened to their understanding the Scriptures, and showed them that "thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day."

A large number were evidently present on this occasion; how many it is impossible to say. Twelve are distinctly mentioned; namely, ten apostles—for Thomas had gone out before the Savior appeared—and the two disciples who had returned from Emmaus; and it is further intimated that it was a general gathering of all who had been with the apostles during the day, and were conversant with the reports of the resurrection. It is probable that the six to whom our Lord had appeared prior to this, now, for the second time, witnessed his presence.

6. *Sixth appearance of Christ.* Soon after our Savior had appeared on the previous occasion, Thomas came in, and the disciples told him that they had seen the Lord. He, however, disbelieved,

and said, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." On the return of the newly instituted Sabbath, the eighth day of the resurrection, the eleven apostles, and probably others of the disciples, were again assembled together, Thomas being present with the rest; and Jesus stood in their midst, and addressed them with his salutation of peace. Then turning to Thomas, he upbraided his unbelief, and said to him, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless but believing." It was enough. The skepticism of Thomas could withstand no longer, and he cried out, "My Lord and my God!"

No further conversation is recorded of our Savior on this occasion than that which related to Thomas; but it is probable that more was said and done; for the sacred historian says that many other signs did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, of which he has not thought necessary to make any distinct record. The special object of this appearance of our Savior seems to have been to convince Thomas of the reality of the resurrection, and thus to extinguish the last doubt of the fact from the minds of his apostles.

7. *Seventh appearance of Christ.* The feast of the Passover being now ended, the eleven returned into Galilee, as the Savior had directed them. This was their native place, and here they would be less exposed to the malice of the Jews, and could, therefore, with more calmness receive the instructions of Christ, and prepare themselves for that public ministry so soon to begin at Jerusalem. While here they probably resorted to their several callings as a means of livelihood. Simon Peter, with Nathaniel, James, and John, and two others, engaged in fishing, but toiled all night and caught nothing. In the morning Jesus stood upon the shore; and when his disciples did not recognize him, having first asked them if they had any thing to eat, he bade them cast the net on the right side of the boat, which being done, they inclosed no less than a hundred and fifty-three great fishes, which were drawn to the shore and secured. Then they saw it was the Lord; and coming to him, they saw a fish that had been prepared on a fire of coals and bread. Jesus said to them, "Come and dine;" and gave them bread and fish, and they did eat. It was on this occasion that he so signally reprov'd the overweening confidence of Peter and his consequent fall.

8. *Eighth appearance of Christ.* The grand assemblage of the disciples, where our Savior was to give a still more public demonstration that he was alive, was upon a mountain in Galilee. This meeting he had appointed before his crucifixion; the angel that announced his resurrection to the women bade them remind the disciples of the Savior's appointment; the Lord himself also, when he appeared to Mary and Salome, renewed the

same message; and it is probable that on the preceding appearance he gave the disciples more explicit information where he would meet as many as might assemble. The number assembled on this occasion exceeded five hundred. Twenty years after this St. Paul publicly declares that the greater part of this five hundred were then living witnesses of the resurrection of our Lord. Here he gave infallible proofs of his resurrection, and spoke of things pertaining to the kingdom of God. Here also he renewed the promise of the Holy Ghost, and bade them go back to Jerusalem and tarry till it came. And it is probable that on this occasion he gave to the apostles their grand commission, to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

9. *Ninth appearance of Christ.* Our Savior after this seems to have made his appearance to James. This appearance the apostle refers to as an evidence of the resurrection, though he gives no particulars of the case. They were omitted probably because they were well known. The James spoken of was James the Less, bishop of Jerusalem, the only apostle with whom St. Paul was favored with an interview when he came up from Damascus after his conversion. He probably then had the fact from the lips of James himself.

10. *Tenth appearance of Christ.* The apostles having returned to Jerusalem according to the command of their Master, about forty days after the resurrection our Savior again appeared to them. Here, after renewing their commission, he gave them the promise of the speedy descent of the Holy Spirit, and commanded them not to depart from Jerusalem till they should "be baptized with the Holy Ghost." Having completed his instructions, he led them out toward Bethany, upon the Mount of Olives. Here probably upon the sacred spot where he had often instructed his disciples and prayed for them—the spot that had witnessed his awful agony that forced the bloody sweat from every pore—the spot where he had been betrayed by the traitorous kiss of one disciple and forsaken by all the rest; upon this spot he lifted up his hands and blessed his disciples; and as he blessed them, he was parted from them—higher and still higher he ascended in the vaulted heavens, till a cloud received him out of their sight, and he was seen no more.

This closes the direct testimony, so far as the recorded evidence of the apostles is concerned. But then we must remember that through the whole forty days, from the resurrection to the ascension, our Lord was more or less conversant with his disciples. For St. Luke, referring to the "many infallible proofs" of his resurrection given to his disciples, says he was "*seen of them forty days*," and during that time was "speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." St. John also says that Jesus did many other things in the presence of his disciples which he had not recorded; but that from the many he had selected

and made a record of those that were written, in order that men might believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and, believing, might have life through his name. The truth then seems to be, that, without intending a full detail of all the appearances of our Lord, his disciples have placed these on record as constituting a perfect demonstration of his resurrection from the dead. We invite the fullest and most impartial scrutiny of this evidence. We ask any one to consider the number of times our Savior was seen after his resurrection, the circumstances connected with his appearance, the words that were uttered, the significant actions that were performed, the number of witnesses, amounting to no less than six hundred, the length of time through which he held intercourse with them, and the circumstances of his final departure from them; and let him consider also that the witnesses were men of moral integrity and of at least common capability, that they did not conceal themselves in a corner and tell their story covertly, but proclaimed the resurrection at Jerusalem—upon the very spot where Christ had been crucified, and before the very persons that had crucified him—and then to say whether the testimony that Christ was seen after his crucifixion and death, was not as full and perfect as it is possible for human testimony ever to be.

Some collateral points we must reserve to another number.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

—
BY J. A. W.
—

O, TELL me not the loved departed,

When free from life, its troubles o'er,
Return not to the broken-hearted
From death's mysterious shore!

It can not be that death's dark portal
Must close in silence on earth's love,
When to the gaze of the immortal
Appear the realms above.

The spirit-world is all around us,
On earth, or sea, through boundless air:
When earthly mists no more surround us,
Its glory we shall share.

At morn they come—angelic fingers
Point to a glorious home on high;
They're with me as the daylight lingers
Upon the western sky.

They guard me in the lone night-watches;
Above me fold their golden wings;
In dreams mine ear their accents catches,
Their holy whisperings.

The spirit-world is all around us;
Its harmony our spirit thrills;
Heaven's walls of beauty ever bound us,
God's everlasting hills.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

INFERIOR RELIGIOUS BOOKS.—It is true enough that on every other subject on which a multitude of books have been written, there must have been many which in a literary sense were bad. But I can not help thinking that the number coming under this description bear a larger proportion to the excellent ones in the religious department than in any other. One chief cause of this has been, the mistake by which many good men professionally employed in religion have deemed their respectable mental competence to the office of public speaking the proof of an equal competence to a work, which is subjected to much severer literary and intellectual laws.

KNOWLEDGE.—Knowledge is not a couch whereon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a sort of commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit and sale: but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.—*Lord Bacon.*

INQUISITIVENESS.—Inquisitiveness or curiosity is a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, and sometimes to the danger of his choking.—*Fuller.*

INVUENDOES.—How frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile or a shrug; how many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives by a mysterious and seasonable whisper!—*Sterne.*

THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE.—At Florence, some years ago, it was proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza, at a certain-mentioned time, would be provided by the duke with a new suit of clothes, free of cost. At the appointed time, the beggars of the city all assembled, and the grand duke, causing all the avenues to the square to be closed, compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called "The Beggars' Bridge," and the city, for the time being, was relieved of the beggars by which it had been previously overrun, as none would give to the well-dressed individuals who implored charity, not believing their tale of distress.

MISDIRECTED LABOR.—The same care and toil that raise a dish of peas at Christmas, would give bread to a whole family during six months.—*Hume.*

NOTHINGNESS OF THE WORLD.—I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, I appraise them at their real worth, which is in truth very low; those who have only seen their outside

always overrate them, but I have been behind the scenes, I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machines, and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose.—*Chesterfield.*

THE MADNESS OF PRIDE.—When the Duchess of Buckingham found herself dying, she sent for Austia, the herald, and settled all the pomp of her funeral ceremony. She was afraid of dying before the preparations were ready. "Why," she asked, "won't they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it, even though the tassels are not finished." And then she exacted, as Horace Walpole affirms, a vow from her ladies, that, if she should become insensible, they would not sit down in her room till she was dead. Funeral honors appear, indeed, to have been her fancy; for when her only son died, she sent messengers to her friends, telling them that, if they wished to see him lie in state, she would admit them by the back stairs. Such was the delicacy of her maternal sorrow.

But there was one match in pride and insolence for Catharine, Duchess of Buckingham; this was Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. On the death of the young Duke of Buckingham, his mother endeavored to borrow the triumphal car that had carried the remains of Marlborough to the grave. "No," replied the widowed Duchess of Marlborough, "the car that has carried the Duke of Marlborough's body shall never be profaned by any other." "I have sent to the undertaker," was the Duchess of Buckingham's rejoinder, "and he has engaged to make a better one for £20."

PASSING ONE'S TIME.—There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, "that a man does not know how to pass his time." It would have been but ill-spoken by Methuselah in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life.—*Cowley.*

WITTY SIMILE.—Sir Harry Hargrave's mind is full of the most obsolete errors; a very Monmouth-street of thread-bare prejudices: if a truth gleam for a moment upon him, it discomposes all his habit of thought, like a stray sunbeam on a cave full of bats.—*Bulwer.*

TALKING ROUND-ABOUT.—When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.—*Steele.*

CUVIER AND SATAN.—In the Gentleman's Magazine, an article, bearing the signature of "John Doran," concludes with a characteristic anecdote of

Cuvier. He once saw in his sleep the popular representation of Satan advancing toward him, and threatening to eat him. "Eat me!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist, and then added, "Horns? hoofs! *graminivorous!* Needn't be afraid of him!" This might be made applicable to the threatenings of some of Satan's friends in the Popish community leveled against the Protestant Church, which knows also how to value their menaces.—*Church and State Gazette.*

A CURIOUS PROPHECY.—The following remarkable lines are from a rare old book. Punch at the present day could not deal out a heavier blow at the light of the age:

"When legislators bold invade
The law which they themselves have made;
When the parson 'gainst the Bible preaches,
And modest virgins wear the breeches;
When woman scorns domestic cares,
And bold intrudes on men's affairs,
Aspiring with mistaken pride
The war-horse of the world to ride;
The wild old chaos come again,
And Eve, with her old serpent's reign,
A second time will pay the price
Of wit, lost by Paradise;
The world tail foremost will advance,
Like freedom in degenerate France;
By going backward will come right,
And men grow blind by too much light."

CHARADES.—Sydney Smith says of them, that if they are made at all, they should be made without benefit of clergy, the offender should be instantly hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dullness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner, why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth.

BLOODY TERMS.—Any one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful occupation in the world, and yet it is absolutely horrifying to hear ladies talk about stilletes! bodkins! gathering! surging! hemmings! gorings! cuttings! whippings! lacings! cuffs! and battings! What a list of abominables!

DANGEROUS FOOLS.—If men are to be fools, it were better they were fools in little matters than in great; dullness, turned up with temerity, is a livery all the worse for the facings; and the most tremendous of all things is a magnanimous dunce.—*Sydney Smith.*

LOGIC.—A man who was up to a thing or two, once offered to bet that he could prove that *this side* of the river was the *other side*. His challenge was soon accepted, and a bet of ten dollars made; when, pointing to the opposite side of the river, he shrewdly asked,

"Is not that one side of the river?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Agreed," said the man, "and is not this the other side?"

"Yes," said the other.

"Then," said the man, "pay me ten dollars, for by your own confession I have proved that *this side* of the river is the *other side*."

The dumbfounded antagonist, overcome by this profound logic, immediately paid the money.

MAN.—The Quarterly Review, in answer to the question, "What is man?" says, "Chemically speaking, a man is forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water."

THE COMMON LITERATURE.—How large a portion of the material that books are made of is destitute of any peculiar distinction! "It has," as Pope said of women, just "no character at all." An accumulation of sentences and pages of vulgar truisms and candle-light sense, which any one was competent to write, and which no one is interested in reading, or cares to remember, or could remember if he cared.

ECCLIASTICAL SNOBBISHNESS.—When I read in the newspapers, says the New York Mirror, that the Right Reverend the Lord Charles James administered the right of confirmation to a *party of the juvenile nobility*, at the Chapel Royal; as if the Chapel Royal were a sort of ecclesiastical Almshouses, and young people were to get ready for the next world in little exclusive genteel knots of the aristocracy, who were not to be disturbed in their journey thither by the company of the vulgar: when I read such a paragraph as that—and one or two such generally appear during the present fashionable season—it seems to me to be the most odious, mean, and disgusting part of that odious, mean, and disgusting publication, the *Court Circular*; and that snobbishness is therein carried to quite an awful pitch.

PRIDE OF SNOBS.—A well-bred snob is just as secretly proud of his riches and honors as a *parvenus* snob who makes the most ludicrous exhibition of them; and a high-born marchioness or duchess just as vain of herself and her diamonds as Queen Quashyboo, who sews a pair of epaulets on to her skirt, and turns out in state in a cocked hat and feathers.

RED HERRINGS.—An Irish footman, who got a situation in the West End of London, on entering a room where there was a vase of gold fish, exclaimed, "Well, this is the first time that I ever saw red herrings alive!"

LENT.—A rather simple Episcopalian noticed during the season of Lent that the church bell was rung every day, and not understanding the reason why, he turned one day to a brother of the Church, and asked him why their bell was rung so often.

"Why it's Lent," said the friend.

"Lent! Who borrowed it?" he inquired, with charming simplicity.

A DISMAL IDEA.—"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman to his congregation.

LAUGHING AND WEeping.—When Peter of Crotona was engaged on a picture for the royal palace of Petti, Ferdinand II particularly admired the representation of a weeping child. "Has your Majesty," said the painter, "a mind to see how easy it is to make this very child laugh?" And, suiting the action to the word, the artist merely depressed the corner of the lips and the inner extremity of the eyebrows, when the little urchin seemed in danger of bursting his sides with laughter. Thus also the world of living men—the touch of a brush can hide heaven with a cloud, or brighten the prospect in the far horizon.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

THE NEW MISSION-HOUSE AT THE FIVE POINTS has been completed, and was dedicated by Dr. Floy to the service of Almighty God. The "Old Brewery" which once occupied the site was the grand center of that pestiferous region around the Five Points, where every form of loathsome vice run riot. The Mission building is seventy-five feet front by forty-five deep, and five stories high. It has a chapel capable of seating five hundred persons, and a school-room where about one hundred children are instructed; also a house for the minister, and about twenty tenements designed for poor and deserving families. The building has been erected at an expense of thirty-six thousand dollars. Of this sum twenty-three thousand dollars were collected in the short space of eighteen months. All honor to those noble Christian ladies in the city of New York, who originated and have carried to its completion this magnificent enterprise! They will leave behind them a monument of which an empress might feel proud.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.—From the Minutes for 1852-53, we learn that there are in the Methodist Episcopal Church South twenty-one annual conferences, with white members, 392,858; colored, 146,949; Indians, 8,044—total, 542,851; which makes a net increase over last year of 31,457. Traveling preachers, 2,365; local preachers, 4,455.

REV. ABEL STEVENS.—A more fitting person to give life to the tract cause could not have been selected. The speech made by him before the New York conference was one of the finest and most effective platform speeches we ever heard. He is a perfect "steamboat," and we hope he will be plowing these western waters under a full head of steam before long. In his efforts Mr. Stevens is vigorously seconded by the enterprising agents at New York.

EXCAVATIONS AT CUMA.—At a recent meeting of the British Archaeological Association, a letter was read, giving an account of the excavations now being carried on at Cuma, by the Prince of Syracuse. These have been productive of interesting results—a Grecian temple, various houses and tombs, have been discovered. Portions of sculpture in fine white marble, broken, but in large pieces, and susceptible of being made perfect—one a figure of Diana—have been met with. The architectural remains, as well as the torsos, are described as very beautiful. The private houses discovered presented nothing remarkable, but the tombs are exceedingly curious, containing a variety of interesting objects, and a vast quantity of cinerary urns and burnt bones. In addition to these, two skeletons with waxen heads. These have puzzled the antiquaries, and are removed to the museum for examination. One, which Mr. Wamsey examined, presented the face of a young man, with regular stern features, all perfect. The particulars of the excavations will be published forthwith, under the direction of the Prince.

CERTIFICATE OF LIFE MEMBERSHIP IN THE TRACT SOCIETY.—We learn that a sub-committee of the

Board have this delicate matter in hand, and that they are determined to have a design which shall stand criticism, and be worthy of a good frame in every Methodist family. We are glad to see the above announcement, and hope they will succeed better than the Missionary Society did.

POPISH CELEBRATION OF THE MIRACLE AT DOLES.—The Bishop of St. Claude and his clergy have been celebrating at Doles the anniversary of a miracle which happened in that town in 1608. A fire broke out in the church on Whitsunday of that year, and the silver platter which contained the consecrated wafer rose from the altar, and remained suspended in the air, thus escaping injury from the flames. One of the wafers has been preserved from that time to this, and is carried triumphantly in the annual processions which commemorate the intervention of Heaven to preserve the body of Christ from the fire. The revolutionary authorities prohibited the cavalcade in 1793 as a gross humbug, but it was re-established in 1811 by Napoleon I. The celebration this year seems to have been something unusually grand; all the civil and military authorities and the members of the bar in costume, and little girls in white, took part in it. The procession was escorted by a detachment of dragoons. Such is Popery.

MR. SCHOOLCRAFT'S GREAT WORK UPON THE INDIANS.—The third volume of this great work has at length been completed. It contains complete treatises on different phases of Indian life and manners—their language, origin, hunter state, territory, the influence of their women, etc., are all considered with discrimination. Captain Eastman's illustrations are thoroughly authentic, and beautifully executed. In point of mechanical beauty, the work is equal to the best European publications. The statistical details are enlivened by Mr. Schoolcraft with poetical and rhetorical graces that redeem the dryness of research. The New York Mirror says, "To the historian, the American, the student of physical geography and the races of men, this elaborate diagnosis, if we may so call it—historic, traditional, and scientific—of the red man on this continent will prove not less invaluable than attractive."

THE ROMISH PROPAGANDA.—The total income of the Romish Propaganda, for the year 1852, was £129,580, of which £77,477 were raised in France, £3,880 in the Sardinian states, £11,017 from the Italian states, £8,012 from Belgium, and £5,437 from Great Britain and Ireland; the latter having contributed £3,150, and the colonies £848. The expenditures on the several missions amounted to £122,682, of which there were disbursed for Church purposes, in Europe, £21,796; Asia, £39,578; Africa, £11,267; America, £29,188; and Oceania, £13,355.

MORMONS IN PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Minister of the Interior has ordered the adoption of rigorous measures against the Mormon missionaries, who are endeavoring to make proselytes throughout all Germany, and thus to multiply the victims of fanaticism;

if considered necessary, power is granted to the competent authorities to expel them.

OCEAN STEAMERS AND NOAH'S ARK.—The largest ocean steamships, says the Illustrated News, now plying on the Atlantic, bear precisely the same proportions in length, breadth, and depth, as is recorded to have existed in Noah's ark. The dimensions of the Atlantic steamer are, length, 322 feet; breadth of beam, 50 feet; depth, 25¼ feet. The dimensions of the ark were, length, 300 cubits; breadth, 50 cubits; depth, 30 cubits. It will be seen, therefore, that the ark was nearly twice the size, in length and breadth, of these vessels, the cubit being twenty-two inches. Both had upper, lower, and middle stories. After all the equipments of the forty-two centuries which have elapsed since the deluge, the ship-builders have to return to the model afforded by Noah's ark.

COPTIC WORSHIP.—Rev. Dr. Duffield, writing from Upper Egypt, thus describes the services in the Coptic Church: "Every worshiper enters barefooted and remains so during the service. The service was very peculiar, but it was ritual. Boys read the Arab Scriptures under the eye of the priest, who afterward read in Coptic, a dead language resembling the Hebrew. The women were not visible, but worshiped unobserved in concealed apartments within hearing. It appeared, and was, in fact, an idolatry of the priest to a very great degree. After service, I sought an interview with two of the priests; and although I had a poor interpreter in our dragoman, yet the conversation was as full of interest to them as to me."

EARLY METHODIST CHURCHES.—The statement of Dr. Durbin in the National Magazine, that "up to 1784 we had not probably one church edifice in the land," is corrected by Rev. S. W. Coggeshall, of the New England conference. Perhaps no man is better posted in our Church history than brother Coggeshall. He says that in addition to old John-Street Church, which was dedicated in October of 1768, there were the "Log Meeting-House," at Pipe Creek, Md.; a house at Fell's Point; another in Baltimore Town; also "Kent Meeting-House," on the Eastern Shore; and probably also St. George's Church in Philadelphia, which was originally built through the instrumentality of Dr. Franklin for the use of Mr. Whitefield, and soon after fell into the hands of the Methodists. These, however, seem to be all, or nearly all, the churches in the connection prior to 1784. Seventy years have since elapsed, and there are now 12,467 Methodist churches in the United States.

OTTO OF ROSES.—A writer from the east says, that Hasaulik, in Bulgaria, is the principal center for the production of the essential oil of roses. The rose cultivated for the sake of the leaves is the *Rod Centifolia*,

"The floweret of a hundred leaves."

It is planted in the open field as corn is planted with us. The roses are in full bloom in May, and the leaves all harvested by the second week of June. During the season of flowering, the whole country for miles beyond the district is redolent with odor of roses. In distilling the oil, the rose leaves while fresh are placed in the alembic, and fresh water is poured upon them. The water which comes over is successively distilled, and finally the oil, being the

lightest, rises to the top, and is skimmed off. The oil is limpid, but with a tinge of orange color. It is said to take three hundred thousand roses to yield an ounce of oil.

PRODUCTION OF FISH.—A very novel experiment has for some time been going on in France, in the way of increasing and extending the production of fish. The principal experiments have been made with the spawn of trout and salmon. Over a million of trout and salmon eggs have been placed in the brooks and marshy grounds of Huningen, and the production of fish has been enormous, fully demonstrating the practicability of peopling every river, brook, and rivulet with myriads of the finny race, and thus adding immensely to the means of human subsistence. The experiment has already attracted the attention of the French Government, and an appropriation of thirty thousand francs has been made to facilitate it. It seems not at all improbable that the experiment will yet be extended to other kinds of fish—salt as well as fresh water—and that the fish of different climes will yet be brought together and people the same waters. Mr. Comstock must look out for his "*terra-culture*," lest it should be thrown into the shade by a "*fish-culture*" mania that is very likely to ensue.

VICTOR HUGO'S FUNERAL ORATION.—Jean Bosquet, a French republican and exile, having died in the Isle of Jersey, Victor Hugo, himself also an exile, pronounced over the dead body an oration instinct with all the abrupt, pointed, vehement eloquence of its author. It can not but stir the soul of the patriot. Here is his description of the condition of his country:

"Citizens! To-day, in France, apostasy is joyous. The old land of the 14th of July and of the 10th of August, assists at the hideous spread of treason, and at the triumphal march of traitors. Not one unworthy action which is not immediately rewarded. A mayor breaks the law—he is made a prefect; a soldier dishonors his flag—he is made a general; a priest sells his religion—he is made a bishop; a judge prostitutes justice—he is made a senator; a prince, an adventurer, commits every crime, from the base trick which would shame a pickpocket, to the cruelty which would make an assassin shudder—and he becomes an emperor. Around and about these men are the sounds of triumphal music, bouquets, and dancing, addresses, applause, and genuflections. Serenity comes to congratulate ignominy."

MISSIONARY COLLECTIONS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Churches of the Sandwich Islands give from \$20,000 to \$30,000 annually for the Gospel among themselves and elsewhere—one of the results of missions.

"We wish," says the Presbyterian Quarterly Review, "that Mr. Dickens could be persuaded for once, if only for the sake of variety and truth to nature, to become acquainted with one decent minister of any denomination, and give us his portrait, as an offset to the disgusting hypocrites he delights to paint. Is there no such thing as an honest man in England, preaching the Gospel?" If we believe the editor of the Household Words, and trust to his miserable caricatures, there is certainly none.

New Books.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. By Stephen M. Vail, A. M. With an *Introductory Essay*, by Rev. B. F. Tefft, D. D. For sale by J. P. Magee, 5 Cornhill, Boston.—We have examined this book with considerable care. We regard it as a timely and able work, eminently adapted to the present condition of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is a work of a great deal of research and thought. The Biblical and historical arguments bearing upon ministerial education are elaborated with great care, and, we will add, conclusiveness. Also the prudential considerations, those peculiar to the Methodist Episcopal Church and to the present day, are presented with clearness and force. We commend the candor and fairness with which the author treats the subject, and believe both the ministry and laity will be benefited by the perusal of his book. The subject is one that is growing in importance every year. It is idle for us to complain about the doing away of the old circuit system in many parts of our work, and to deplore the necessity that now exists of putting men just received into important stations, where they must have the pastoral charge and often preach to the same congregation for a whole year. *The thing is done; we can't go back if we would.* It only remains to us, then, to give to our young men better preparation for their higher responsibilities. The thing must be done; necessity demands it. *How* to do it requires all the wisdom and prudence of the Church.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE TRACT SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—We have received from Carlton and Phillips a package of beautiful books bearing the imprint of the above society. We have looked them over and over, and hardly know which to admire most—the beauty of the books or the beauty of the price. They are gems of books—just struck from the mint; rich within, beautiful without. But to our package:

1. *Carvosso*.—Who has not read Carvosso? He was for sixty years a class-leader in the Wesleyan connection; a man of faith, and full of good works. One of the richest of Christian biographies. 18mo. 251 pages. 32 cents.

2. *Hester Ann Rogers*—her Christian experience and her spiritual letters. A book that has been blessed to the spiritual comfort and salvation of thousands. 18mo. 288 pages. 25 cents.

3. *Father Reeves*, for thirty-four years a class-leader in the Wesleyan connection. The London Baptist Magazine, noticing this book, gives the following incident: "'Dead!' says a Lambeth-walk shopkeeper, 'who's dead?' 'Mr. Reeves.' 'What, the little old man with the umbrella, that was always going about visiting the sick?' It was he; two thousand of his neighbors attended his funeral; and among the things recorded of him are these: 'He was never, or only once, behind time at class or public worship.' 'He was never absent but through sickness or distance.' 'He never let a Sunday pass without inviting one or more sinners to the Savior.'" 18mo. 18 cents.

4. *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, edited by S. B. Wickens.—After turning over some dozen editions of Bunyan, we are satisfied that there is no edition better adapted to general use than this. The public have set the seal of their approbation upon it in the fact, that in some eight years it has reached a sale of seventeen thousand copies. 18mo. 478 pp. 35 cents.

5. *Porter on Revivals*.—A practicable and able discussion of a most important subject. It is well worthy of a place upon this list of cheap publications. 16mo. 260 pages. 35 cents.

6. *Watson's Life of Wesley*.—This is a small 12mo. volume of three hundred and thirty-three pages, and is sold at the low price of thirty-five cents.

7. *Memoirs of Rev. David Stoner*.—An interesting and instructive narrative of the experience and life of one of the early Wesleyan ministers. 18mo. 286 pages. 25 cents.

The Tract Society has been in successful operation only about six or eight months, and yet it numbers some thirty tract books, beside a revised list of four hundred tracts in English and fifty in German.

NEW YORK: a Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Metropolitan City of America. With Illustrations. By a New Yorker. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 1853. 12mo. 339 pages. 60 cents.—This is one of the popular and useful series of books now being issued by the enterprising publishers of the Methodist Book Concern in New York. The illustrations are fine, exhibiting the progress of the arts from the rude buildings that constituted New Amsterdam in 1695 up to the splendid Crystal Palace of 1853. We "guess" the author concealed behind the *nome de plume*, "New Yorker," sometimes responds to the address of "Dr. Curry," who is unquestionably one of the most chaste, classical, and able writers in the country. Feeling confident as we do about the authorship, we can not but express our regret at the omission from the title-page. If the name of the author will prejudice the sale and usefulness of a book, then it is well to withhold it; but when it is otherwise, both author and publisher do injustice to themselves in suppressing it. We therefore advise brothers Carlton & Phillips, on the issue of their next edition, to walk the modest Doctor—can a D. D. be modest?—out from behind the screen.

BRODHEAD'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK has been laid upon our table by the Messrs. Harper. The following complimentary pun upon the author of this able history is from the Boston Post:

"To say Mr. Brodhead has never a wrong head,
Were more than his measure of land;
But then Mr. Brodhead has clearly a strong head,
Which makes it 'as long as 'tis broad.'"

Mr. Brodhead writes with great vigor and clearness, bringing the history of New York in this volume from 1609 down to 1664. It is a masterly work, evincing great research and great power of analysis. No single state affords so much material for history, and no state has found a nobler historian, than New

York. 8vo. 801 pages. \$3. Sold by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.—Dr. Kidder has shown great tact and judgment in the selection and preparation of Sunday school books. The following have recently been added to the list: "Children of the Bible;" "Tyre: its Rise, Glory, and Desolation;" "Youth's Monitor, vol. ii;" "Four Months under the Snow."

INTERVIEWS, MEMORABLE AND USEFUL.—A compound of good sense and folly, of wit and egotism, such as is rarely found in one volume. And yet there is something in the volume that makes it both interesting and instructive. Nobody but Dr. Cox could have written such a book, and from nobody else would the public tolerate such a book. Your taste is offended; you are disgusted with the egotism of the author on almost every page; and yet your interest in the book never tires, and you read on till you reach the end, and finally leave the book with the conviction, that you have been holding an "interview, memorable and useful," with a sincere, talented, but Coxical Christian man. Harper & Brothers. For sale by Derby & Co., Cincinnati. 12mo. 325 pages. \$1.

MARMADUKE WYVIL, by H. W. Herbert, is a historical romance of the days of the Roundheads. From this book much may be learned of the character and trials of the Puritans in England two hundred years ago. We do not wish to encourage the reading of fiction, but that of the historical school is more tolerable than any other. This work has already reached the fourteenth edition. New York: J. S. Redfield. 12mo. 458 pages. Sold by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

MEMOIR OF MARY L. WARE has been laid upon our table by Crosby, Nichols & Co., of Boston. It is a beautiful biographical sketch of the wife of Henry Ware, jr., enriched by extracts from her correspondence, and exhibiting the portraiture of a character mature in all that is lovely in intellect and grace. Among the biographies of noble and Christian women, this must take a high rank. We do not wonder that it has already reached a fifth edition. For sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

THE SICKNESS AND HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE OF BLEAURN is also understood to have reference to some of the events in the earlier history of Mrs. Ware, where she exhibited a devotion to the good of a smitten people eminently heroic and Christian. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston; C. S. Francis, New York. Sold by Moore & Anderson, Cincinnati.

ELLEN; or, the Chained Mother. By Mary B. Harlan. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co. 12mo. 259 pages. 75 cents.—Mrs. Harlan is the wife of a Methodist traveling preacher, who for some years was a member of the Kentucky conference, and traveled within the bounds of that state. The facts—for we are assured that they are facts—were witnessed, and most of them recorded at the time. Such being the origin of the work, it is, as we might have supposed, a series of distinct sketches rather than a continuous history. Mrs. Harlan is well known as a former contributor to the Repository. Most of her stories are

well told, some of them effectively so, and give a painful view of many of the incidents connected with slavery in our neighboring state of Kentucky.

THE GRAFTED BUD is a sketch, by Mrs. A. H. Hawes, of a little girl found destitute of parental care at Eagle Harbor, Lake Superior, and adopted by her and her husband. The story is full of interest and novelty, and accompanied with some graphic sketches of life and scenery in the "far-off northwest." New York: J. S. Redfield. 16mo. 102 pages. Sold by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

NOTES AND DISCOURSES ON THE GOSPELS. *Designed for Theological Students, Bible Classes, Families, etc. Composed with a View to meet the Infidel Objections of Paine, Bolingbroke, Herbert, and others.* By Rev. Andrew Carroll. Volume II.—This second volume completes the author's Notes on the Gospels. They are evidently the fruit of much labor, and will be found of valuable assistance in the study of this most interesting part of the sacred volume. Brother Carroll is worthy of encouragement in his effort to promote the interests of Biblical knowledge; and we bespeak for him the patronage of our brethren.

GIFT-BOOK FOR YOUNG MEN, and GIFT-BOOK FOR YOUNG LADIES, are two excellent books from the pen of Dr. Wm. Alcott, and published by Derby & Miller, Auburn. They are admirably adapted to the uses indicated by their title. Parents who wish to place a good book in the hands of a son or of a daughter would do well to look at these.

REASON AND FAITH, and other Miscellanies of Henry Rogers, Author of the "Eclipse of Faith."—Thousands who have read "the Eclipse of Faith" will welcome this volume. The "other miscellanies" form the greater part of the volume; but this is not to be regretted, as it secures some capital papers in addition to the celebrated article on "Reason and Faith: their claims and conflicts." Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston; C. S. Francis & Co., New York. 12mo. 453 pages. Sold by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

THE BIBLE COMPANION.—This is a small but useful manual, designed for the use of Bible classes, families, and young students of the Scriptures. It is accompanied by an Introduction from the pen of S. H. Tyng, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1853. 18mo. 149 pages.

THE PROPHETS AND KINGS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Frederick Denison Maurice, Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. New York: C. S. Francis. One Volume. Pp. 466. For sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.—This volume consists of twenty-seven discourses, designed to exhibit the character of the Jewish theocracy. The author is imbued with a thorough detestation of tyranny, and bears a noble testimony to the declaration, "that God himself is the King, the Lawgiver, and the Judge of a nation." This proclamation our author accepts as "true, beneficent, and divine." The style is somewhat diffuse, but is earnest and attractive. It evinces much learning and research, and is evidently imbued with a fervid and comprehensive spirit of Christian philanthropy.

THE following books have also been received, but we have not room to notice them in this number. We shall attend to them next month:

1. *Dr. Olin's Life and Letters*, with a portrait. 1853. New York: Harper & Brothers. Two volumes. 12mo. Muslin. \$2.
2. *Lingard's History of England*. Volume I. 12mo. 361 pages. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.
3. *Memoir of Rev. W. B. Johnson*, missionary of the Church Missionary Society, in Regent's Town, Sierra Leone, Africa. 1853. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co., Cincinnati.
4. *A Stray Yankee in Texas*, by Philip Paxton.

1853. New York: J. S. Redfield. 12mo. 416 pages. For sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Main-street, Cincinnati.

5. *Father Brighthopes; or, an Old Clergyman's Vacation*. 1853. Phillips, Sampson & Co. 18mo. 274 pages. For sale by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati.

PAMPHLETS.—1. *An Address Delivered before the Partheno Kosmean Literary Society of Geneva Female Seminary*, by Hon. Wm. Lawrence, of Bellefontaine. Theme discussed in this able address is, "The Claims of Female Education founded on the Duties and Responsibilities of American Women." 2. *The True Criterion; or, the Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked*. A sermon by Rev. D. S. Welling.

Periodicals.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for July, is upon our table. This number commences the third volume. It is a capital number, and the Magazine sustains itself nobly. Dr. Curry continues his interesting series of articles on the Life and Times of Johnson; Dr. Floy contributes an excellent article; and Mr. Stoddard also continues his sketches of the poets—the subject of the present article is Longfellow.

PUTNAM has entered upon its second volume under the most auspicious circumstances, having reached a circulation of thirty-five thousand. The present number is one of the best of the whole series.

HARPER enters upon its fourth year in fine style, backed up by one hundred and twenty-five thousand subscribers. The illustrations of Gray's Elegy are superbly done.

THE CENTRAL CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE is published at St. Louis, Mo., under the direction of J. Brooks, P. Cartwright, L. B. Dennis, J. B. Corrington, and R. Bird, Publishing Committee of the patronizing conferences. W. D. R. Trotter is the editor. He makes an excellent paper, worthy of an extensive patronage, and well adapted to supply the want of a large section whose natural center is St. Louis. It has not yet, from prudential considerations, been adopted by the Agents of the Western Book Concern; but we trust the preachers of the conferences intrusted in its permanent establishment will soon secure for it a circulation that will make its adoption a matter of interest to the Concern. Price, \$1.50 in advance.

THE NORTH-WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE grows better and better. Brother Watson not only wields a vigorous, various, and busy pen, but has also a large number of very able contributors. Its circulation is rapidly increasing.

THE WESTERN PILOT.—Number 6 of Volume I has been received. It contains several papers of interest. "Our sailor preacher," the Rev. A. M. Lorrain, exhibits admirable adaptation to his post as editor.

THE MUSICAL WORLD AND TIMES comes regularly to hand. It is a weekly journal, devoted to musical and literary matters. It is edited by R. S. Willis, a

thoroughly educated musician, and one of the most capable musical critics in the country. Besides much other interesting matter, it gives four pages of choice music in each number. *Fanny Fern* is one of its regular contributors. Published weekly in the city of New York at \$3 per annum.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for May:

1. Macgillivray's Birds.
2. International Relations, and the Principles of our Foreign Policy.
3. Bunset's Hippolytes: its Method and Results.
4. English Hexameters.
5. Ruth: the Reign of Female Novelists.
6. Memoirs of French Protestantism.
7. Life under an Italian Despotism.
8. Glimpses of Poetry.
9. The Higher Instruction and its Representatives in Scotland.
10. Wellington in the Peninsula.
11. Layard's Assyrian Discovery.

The number is one of unusual strength, variety, and interest. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.; Cincinnati: R. Post. Three dollars per annum.

BLACKWOOD, for June, from the same publishers, is also on hand. Its contents are:

1. The Paradise in the Pacific.
 2. Part XI of Lady Lee's Widowhood.
 3. Finlay's Byzantine Empire.
 4. Six Months with the Malays.
 5. A Few Words on France.
 6. The Shadow on the Way.
 7. Syria.
 8. Kilimanjaro.
 9. Minor Morals.
 10. Free Trade and High Prices.
- A capital number. Three dollars per annum.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH has been received from Dr. Kidder. It is a carefully prepared document. From it we learn that the Union now numbers 504,679 scholars, being an increase upon last year of 31,363. The number of conversions reported for the year is 13,243. The Sunday School Advocate has a circulation of 110,000.

Editor's Table.

THE REPOSITORY.—Having “made up” our June number, and prepared the matter for July, except the editorial scribblings, which we committed to our assistant, we took our departure for the east. It is not our purpose to detail our wayside experiences or observations. We had made somewhat extensive notes, but we ought even now to beg pardon of our readers for the large space we occupy in this number. In this visit we had a double object: first, to attend the session of the New York conference, and, secondly, to select designs and make arrangements for our engravings. Both objects accomplished, we hied ourselves again to our new home and our labors. We rejoiced to tread again our old battle-ground, to grasp the hand of many an old and tried friend, and especially to commune with brethren beloved; but there was one thing especially that assured and encouraged us, and that was the deep interest everywhere expressed in the Ladies' Repository, and the esteem in which it was held. The ladies are emphatically with us; and so long as we have them in our favor, we will not fear all the world beside. We must confess that we entered upon our work with some misgivings. But our subscription list has been working up handsomely, and we now confidently expect a large increase. To our large circle of lady friends we say, we look to you and depend upon you for that increase. We want you to begin early, to prepare thoroughly for the campaign, and then let the watch-word be “onward.” Show your Repository to your lady friends, pick out the best number, show them the finest engravings, “talk up” the Repository. Where your minister works for it, second his efforts; where he does not, undertake it yourself. During the coming few months, see that all your friends have made up their minds to take the Repository, and then pour in the subscriptions upon our Agents, where they will be sure of prompt attention. But we forget; it is not too late to do something for the current volume. Subscriptions are yet coming in, and those who receive several numbers at once do not find them any the less interesting on that account.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER contains several articles of more than ordinary interest. How beautiful the “True Woman,” as she is described in the eloquent language of Dr. Peck! How wide the contrast between this picture and that which is often exhibited in some of our “woman's rights” conventions!—this attractive, feminine, Christian; those repulsive, unfeminine, unchristian. By the way, this article constituted two, which should have appeared severally in our June and July numbers, but were mislaid in the office. We trust they will lose nothing, either by the delay or by being put together. With regard to “Home,” the reader will only regret that it is too short. This objection will not lie against “Greenwood Cemetery;” yet we think the reader will find enough of interest in it to induce him to read to the end. “A Glance at Niagara” is just what it should be, graphic, brief, and just in its conception of the

religious element of that wonder. We commend “Reading Aloud Well” to the earnest attention of our lady readers. We believe they will find it to be an article of more than ordinary importance. “The graves of my household”—a picture drawn true to life—is plaintive; “Modern Chivalry,” piquant; and “Strict Government,” suggestive. “Eureka” possesses originality, nerve, and attractiveness. “Christian Biography, from the vigorous and manly pen of Dr. Collins, the President of Dickinson College, is a chaste and suggestive article. It is a pledge of good things yet to come from the Doctor. “Autobiography of a Poet,” is rich and racy. “Autobiographies” are the order of the day; and why may not the abused poet write his? As our poet has not given us an account of his death and burial, we hope that he is yet above ground, and that he will favor us again. Albeit, we will not pledge ourselves to the redemption of his poetry from the slight cast upon it by the world. “Female education” is a trite theme, but nevertheless ought to be discussed; and here are some excellent thoughts upon it. “The Mourner Blessed” is a beautiful tribute from the pen of a Congregational clergyman. It will not fail to benefit the reader. “The Resurrection of Christ—Evidence Direct.” This is also a trite theme. But to our mind it is often as important to invest an old theme with a simple, expressive, and attractive garb, as it is to attempt something new. However important the subject, ancient treatises are rarely read. It is, therefore, necessary that the old themes should be invested in garbs befitting the age, and be made instinct with new life. The muses, too, have lent their full quota to the interest of this number.

OUR ENGRAVINGS, it hardly need be said, are of a superior order. The “Cortelyou House” presents “a relic of '76” of no little interest. It stands in South Brooklyn, Long Island, and was the headquarters of Gen. Stirling at the time of the memorable battle of Long Island, during the war of the Revolution. This was one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war, and occurred August, 1776, between twenty thousand British soldiers, under Cornwallis, and over five thousand raw recruits under Generals Stirling and Sullivan. The contest took place on the grounds and in the road in front of this house, which still bears the marks of cannon-balls that struck it during the action. It is a stone house, with the date of its erection, 1699, upon the gable end. It was erected just about seventy-seven years after the establishment of the government on New York Island, under Peter Minuet as director. *Breukelen*, as early as 1699, had become a place of some importance, as the year before that the ferry was leased by Rip Van Dam for seven years, at £165 per annum. At the time of the action the walls of the Cortelyou House had been standing seventy-seven years, and just seventy-seven years, to the present month, have since elapsed. No wonder that even the old Dutch walls bear marks of age. It is altogether a picture of more than ordinary interest.

Now let us look at "Good for Nothing." The old woman, with hard features, has switched her idle boy to make him learn, but to no purpose; and now she is about to commit him to the tender mercies of the veteran pedagogue; but so vexed is she at the roguish little fellow's want of appreciation of the sublime science of A B C, that she declares him "good for nothing." There is a "heap of expression" in the countenance of the pedagogue, and, could we hear him, we should, no doubt, find that he is discoursing upon the grand results that may be expected from his skill in "teaching the young idea how to shoot." Perhaps he has discovered, as we think we do, that the well-formed features, the expressive countenance, and the roguish eye of that boy, after all, indicate that he is "good for something." Look out, old man; while you are philosophizing, mischief is brewing behind the desk.

ERRATA.—In our June number the compositor has it, on page 277, that "a genuine Yankee is *universally* personified," which should have been "universality personified," and then you would have the portraiture of the "universal Yankee." Also, in the "Items," on page 283, we are made to say, "Very 'umble, as Uriah Heath would say," when it should have been "Uriah Heep." We are more particular in the rectification of this error, lest it might seem that we had reference to one of our most excellent ministerial brethren, instead of one of the most contemptible, knavish scoundrels, whose character has been drawn by Dickens with inimitable effect. We are not certain, however, that this latter error can be charged exclusively upon our compositor; for, after looking at the manuscript, we are not certain that, had we been compositor, we should not have set it up as he did.

REJECTED ARTICLES.—Some of the following pieces of poetry we had placed upon our "reserved list;" but that list has been growing on our hands, and we see but slight chance for their insertion. Not, at any rate, till the muses get scarce. "Elijah on Mt. Horeb;" "We find Graves wherever we go;" "Michigan;" "Unto the Silent Grave;" "Youth's Covenant;" "The Ohio;" "Belshazzar's Feast;" "Lines on the Death of a Mother;" "Trust in God;" "Remembrances;" and "Hope." Some of the above lacked elevation, some fire, and one or two good, clear sense; and some, in regard to meter, are well characterized in the following stanza:

"There are, it is true, some crippled lines, namely,
That have too few feet and crawl lamely;
But then, as a compensation for that, you will meet
Many others that run along on a superabundance of feet."

Others will be reached in time. Our friends, whose favors are declined, we trust, will acquit us of any "malice aforethought." Their articles are received kindly, kindly declined. "The Indian" has disappeared from our sanctum, and also his companion. He may have gone out upon a hunt; but we shall not solicit his return, as we do not think him hardly equal to his kindred.

GOSSIP WITH CORRESPONDENTS.—The touching article upon "The Graves of my Household" was accompanied by the following introductory note, which will not only help the reader to appreciate the article better, but is itself a delicate delineation of sorrowful experience that will reach many hearts: "Did you

know me, kind sir, I feel assured that you would give me your sympathy, however light you might esteem my communication. As the widow of one of your former pupils in Amenia Seminary, 'Linda' is familiar with your name; permit me to say it has given new interest in the Repository. My husband was, at the time of his death, editor of the Fairfax 'News,' Va. In August, 1850, we lost our first-born—a little girl six and a half years old—sick only two weeks. It was our first sorrow. His sensitive nature received a shock from which he never fully recovered. I, too, sank under it; for weeks *he* watched beside me, ere the crisis was past. O, why did I live! I took our only one—our idol—and came north for health—returned June, 1851, to my husband and home. While again prostrated with disease, our darling little girl was brought and laid beside me, where she died, July 7th—only four days' illness. O, that I could stop here! In one week my husband was laid on his sick bed, where he died, July 29th, aged 81. I need not add, existence has had no charm for me since he died. To think, to talk, to write of them; to call up every fond recollection of them, is an indulgence I can not yield to the earnest solicitation of friends.

'To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.'

The writer adds, "Every word respecting the rose is true." . . . We have before remarked upon our indebtedness to the wives of preachers for their contributions to the Ladies' Repository. We would like to provoke others to the same good work. One of them says, in a note to the editor, "It affords me pleasure, though in suffering health and surrounded by domestic cares, with the duties of itinerant life and a sweet little band of cherub faces looking up for a mother's training, sometimes to give speech to my thoughts; but while this is a source of enjoyment to me, I have seldom dared to think my contributions would edify others." . . . With very many the idea of having their articles rejected, is a formidable bugbear. They don't know how easily the thing is taken. The same lady mentioned above, after expressing a doubt of the acceptance of her article, comforts herself with the assurance that she will soon "learn the result in one of the editor's table talks." Another says, "I am pleased with your giving notice of rejected articles—expect soon to see some of my own under that head." But better than all is the following, received not many months since: "The Ladies' Repository came to hand yesterday, and not finding my piece chronicled among its contents, I looked, with anxiety, to the *rejected* list, and there I found its title among some twenty odd others; and though at first I felt it rather a deep *wound* to my vanity—especially after taking the book home to my little wife—I determined, after further consideration, to regard it as a partial *cure*, and instead of pouting, or fretting, or saying hard things about the worthy editor, he shall, though a stranger, more than ever have my sympathy while making up his future list of rejected articles." Now, this has helped us not a little. We forthwith enrolled the author of this note among our *friends*, and shall hope to shake him by the hand one day. In the mean time the article that accompanied it was enrolled, forthwith, upon our

"accepted list," not because the "stranger-friend" had conquered us, but for its own sake. . . . A correspondent informs us that he is "engaged in writing a 'satirical poem,' suggested by hearing a ludicrous sermon, which the preacher thought the height of perfection." So now, ye ludicrous preachers, or, rather, preachers who preach ludicrous sermons, look out. Said satire has grown to five hundred lines, and has not got its growth yet by some two or three hundred more. The author sends us a "brick" as a sample of his building, and from it we clip a corner. After describing a certain class of exhorters that are not content with their humble sphere, but must soar higher, he says:

"But like Icarus, on his waxen wings,
They rise and soar above all earthly things;
Until, like him, they get too near the sun,
When feathers drop and wax begins to run:
They tremble, flutter—heaven avert their doom!—
Down, down they come, and find a watery tomb!"

We hope our brother's satire will do much good, but as not many of our lady readers are preachers, we can not promise further space to it.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"*Look out for Pickpockets.*"—A ministerial friend of ours, with a neat package of "skeletons"—not of "humans," but—of sermons, stowed into his pocket, was crowding along one of the bustling streets of New York city, not long since, when the light fingers of "larcenous abstraction" relieved the pocket of its load. Our clerical friend having reached the place where he was to hold forth, discovered the loss of his ministerial "crutches." On the other hand, the thief coming to examine his game, instead of bills found sermons, and instead of checks upon banks, checks upon vice. A few days after a stranger handed the lost package to a butcher, well known as a Methodist, requesting him to return it to the owner, and then disappeared. . . . *Spirit-Rappings in our Sanctum.*—Don't be alarmed, gentle reader, but we have had a "communication," and no mistake. Not in your vulgar style, such as "table tippings," "floor thumpings," "sail lowerings," and the like. But a letter—yes, a veritable letter, written, not by thumps, such as a bumpkin would make upon a pine board, but upon clear white—no, blue paper, in a plain, round hand. It is dated, "Pandemonium, 13th Lunation, 1849." Really, we had not thought Pandemonium was so far from Cincinnati as to require over three years' travel; and we are quite mistaken now if many a poor wretch does not find it "next to the last stopping-place." Our "communication" is from the highest authority, old Apollyon himself—the prince of "spirit-rappers." Professional "spiritualists" have had "raps" from those without the spheres and those within them—from the "dome of the disclosure," and from the "divine seraphimal;" but who before has ever heard a "rap" from "old Nick" himself? We will not say that our "communication" imparts any very valuable information, or is possessed of any special interest, such as would warrant its insertion in the Ladies' Repository. General utility seems not to lie within the scope of the "spirit-rappers," except, indeed, a very special and personal utility. We must, therefore, at the risk of giving offense to his nether majesty, and to all "mediums" in general, decline this "communication."

Dr. Reese, that sturdy old belligerent against all kinds of humbug, we perceive, offers one hundred dollars to any one of "the craft" who will perform his "fancy tricks" upon the tables and chairs in his office. That, certainly, is a very fair offer. Horace Greeley, not long since, made a public announcement, through the Tribune, that he would compensate any of "the mediums" liberally if they would become reporters for his paper, and every evening furnish a synopsis of the events of the day in Europe, so that he could have it for the morning edition—payments to be made promptly on the arrival of the next succeeding steamer, provided the news by her confirmed the reports of the medium. The "mediums" have not yet accepted the offer. We really think "the spirits" they rap up would be more honorably and more usefully employed in such a work, than in doling out such contemptible twaddle, and such contemptible literature as now purports to come from the best of them. It is astonishing to think how weak in intellect and vitiated in style such men as Franklin and Calhoun have become since they passed off the stage.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, CINCINNATI.—The annual examination of the students of this institution terminated June 30th, and the Commencement exercises took place in Wesley Chapel on the evening of that day. A large number of classes were examined during the week, and nearly all gave evidence, not only of thorough training, but also of good proficiency in their studies. Seventeen prose compositions and two poems were read before the splendid assemblage that were gathered on Commencement evening—all of them were good, but several of them exhibited talent and discipline of superior order. The degree of Mistress of English Literature was conferred upon eleven young ladies, and that of Mistress of the Liberal Arts upon six, by Bishop Morris, President of the Board of Trustees—the presentation for the degrees being made by President Wilber. The total number of graduates now amounts to one hundred and five. On Friday succeeding the Commencement, the Alumnae Association celebrated its first anniversary. Addresses were delivered by Mrs. R. Cary Ludlow, Miss R. L. Bodley, and also a poem by Miss L. Augusta Clark. The addresses, as well as the music, could not well be surpassed. The institution numbers about five hundred pupils, and is the just pride of the Church in this city. We perceive that the trustees keep at the old rates of tuition, though nearly all the schools around them have increased their charges from ten to twenty-five per cent. on former terms. As an eastern man, we heartily wish some of our Methodists from eastern cities could pay us a visit and see how a Methodist institution of learning can not only live, but flourish, without detriment, in the very midst of the finest public schools in the country. We must look at this subject in some future number.

We now humbly beg pardon of our readers for occupying so much space in the present number. Somehow we got to writing, and could not well leave off. But we promise not to trespass again in this matter very soon. And now, kind friends, adieu for another month; it may be—forever. Life is uncertain, time is short, eternity at hand.





Uor M